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The Shape of Things

COMING AT THE PEAK OF AN ANTI-UNION hysteria in Congress, the settlement between United States Steel and the C. I. O.'s United Steel Workers should go far to restore national perspectives on the labor front. Achieved quietly and without any of the usual publicized bitterness, the agreement is widely accepted as the beginning of a period of industrial peace. The 15-cent hourly wage rise was clearly in order, and will almost certainly set the pattern for C. I. O. demands in the months ahead. By the same token, United States Steel has given a lead that other industries will find hard to reject. The hope expressed by President Benjamin F. Fairless that the corporation would be able to absorb the increase without raising prices should have been more than a mere hope, with profits as swollen as they are, but even this is in contrast to past procedures and promises to arrest the spiraling of prices and wages that made last year's wage boosts a mockery. Acceptance of the 15-cent formula by the rest of the C. I. O. and by industry in general will be tested almost immediately—perhaps before this issue reaches our readers. General Motors, which sets the pattern for the automobile industry, claims to have made an equivalent offer and been turned down by Walter Reuther's Automobile Workers, but few doubt that Reuther will follow Murray's lead if the G. M. proposal stands up under scrutiny. The company has actually offered an increase of 11½ cents plus other concessions, and the point at issue is whether or not the net effect will be a 15-cent raise. The first reaction of the telephone industry has been sour, but this is not unnatural in view of the fact that its chief argument has been dealt a fatal blow. Its flat rejection of a wage boost has been based almost solely on the absence of a "national pattern" for such an increase. Benjamin Fairless and Philip Murray have turned up with the missing pattern.

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THE PESSIMISTIC PREDICTIONS OF FAILURE at Moscow which are current as we go to press may well be borne out by the time this issue reaches our readers. Our correspondent, Alexander Werth, has consistently held to the view that until some agreement is reached on reparations the other problems the Big Four have been considering are merely of academic significance. And, as we write, the gap between Molotov and Marshall on this matter appears to be as wide as ever. But even if the conference ends this week, there is no need to write it off as entirely wasted effort or to assume that the irreconcilable conflict between the Russian and the Western points of view makes a two-Germany solution inevitable. For one thing, the American position on Germany has been clarified. Secretary Marshall has made it plain that the United States favors the rebuilding of Germany, with proper military safeguards, so that it may emerge from its present slum status to that of an economically and politically healthy democracy. Admitting reasonable claims for reparations to help repair the devastation caused by Hitler's armies, he has insisted that the restoration of Germany must benefit the German people as well. Russia's position is also becoming clearer. Behind its insistence on large reparations is the present serious economic situation in the Soviet Union, to remedy which, heavy demands must be made on the steel and coal resources of western Germany. The two positions are not absolutely incompatible, for Russia, as well as the nations of Western Europe, would gain from an economically restored Germany. Unfortunately, Mr. Molotov has been less than candid in stating the reasons for the Russian demands and has advanced them in such an unequivocal way as to make compromise difficult. What must not be assumed is that a future agreement is impossible.

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GEORG BRANTING OF SWEDEN HAS BEEN nominated by Russia for the post of Governor of Trieste. Since the Security Council has informally agreed to exclude nationals of the Big Four, the final slate of candidates will probably consist of three Swedes, a Swiss, a South African, and a Spaniard. The Swedish candidates are Nordenskiold, chief of the Air Force; Sandstrom, a former Supreme Court justice; and Senator Branting, a lawyer with a distinguished anti-fascist record dating from 1933. General Henri Guisan was one of Switzerland's most popular war-time leaders and, though seventy-three years old, has more than enough energy to tackle what promises to be the "toughest job in the world." Leif Egeland, South Africa's Minister to the Netherlands, has established a solid reputation as an administrator. But the Spanish Republican, Pablo de Azcárate, whose name was proposed by France, is perhaps the best candidate. Azcárate was Assistant Secretary of the old

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League of Nations until 1936 when, in a gesture of solidarity with his embattled country, he resigned to become the Spanish Republic's ambassador to London. He was generally considered to be one of the ablest officials at Geneva, and a fair, impartial arbiter, particularly in his handling of the League's Section on Minorities. Were it not for the well-known bias of certain of the big powers, Azcárate's ability and experience would make him the logical choice; however, with the cards of power politics stacked against him in advance, most observers are predicting that the post will go to the Swiss general. Certainly there are no strong objections to Guisan. But it would be more reassuring to see a civilian in the job.

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WITH THE DECISION ON AID TO GREECE AND Turkey certain of ratification by Congress, Americans who have sharply criticized the Truman Doctrine must decide what their stand should be when the policy is put into practice. The modification of policy as reflected in Senator Austin's speech before the Security Council and in the Vandenberg amendment giving the United Nations power of review does not substantially lessen the dangers inherent in the doctrine itself. They are simply brought out into the open where everybody can see them. What American liberals can do now is to watch the whole process and use their considerable power of protest and exposure to prevent American dollars from being used to bolster up corrupt, reactionary regimes. They must also see to it that the Greek people, at least, get the maximum economic assistance. (In the case of Turkey, the aid will be almost exclusively military.) The choice of personnel for the administering commission will be of first importance, particularly the choice of a director. At the top of the list of candidates we would place the name of Fiorello H. LaGuardia. He is familiar with contemporary European problems, especially with Eastern Europe, and gained wide experience as head of UNRRA. Besides which, he is highly respected by the peoples of Europe and is a man not easily pushed around.

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THE HYMN TO WORK WHICH BERNARD Baruch sang when his portrait was unveiled in South Carolina's State House of Representatives has inspired a rash of sycophantic editorials, but no one has sought to analyze its content. Risking the crime of lèse-majesté, we are venturing, therefore, to ask Mr. Baruch a few questions. He suggests, quite justly, that the world's great need is not more money but more production "to catch up with the ravages of war." To this end, he proposes a forty-four-hour week with no strikes and no layoffs until January 1, 1949. The result, he says, "would be electrifying," which we can well believe. (The question is: Who will get the shock?) What we want to know is whether Mr. Baruch is advocating a treaty between employers and employees with the former guaranteeing

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continuous employment for the next twenty-one months in return for a no-strike pledge and an undertaking by the workers to accept a longer work-week. If so, has he any reason to believe that most employers would be willing to give such a guaranty? Unless they are, workers are not likely to look on proposals for longer hours with any great enthusiasm. Again, Mr. Baruch says that "the more we produce, the less will be the cost of living,

the more things we can buy." How, then, does he explain the fact that a big upswing in production has been accompanied by an even more spectacular rise in prices? And why is it that, now goods are pouring from the factories, there is insufficient purchasing power to take them off the market, with the result that in some industries output is being curtailed and workers being laid off?

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AN HONEST ANSWER TO THESE QUESTIONS would surely have to take into account the restrictive effects on consumption, and therefore on production, of high prices. We would therefore like to invite Mr. Baruch to descend from the moral heights from which he lays down the law in generalized form and put the weight of his authority behind the President's campaign to reduce the cost of living. Mr. Truman, with the backing of his economic advisers, has been stressing the fact that abnormally high profits afford an ample margin for price reductions. This claim is strongly supported by first-quarter earnings statements, which are now beginning to appear. In the past four days we have extracted from the *Wall Street Journal* the statements of thirty corporations, mostly in the small to medium-sized industrial class. For the first three months of this year these companies have reported aggregate profits of $22,546,678, a rise of 63 per cent over their total of $13,832,015 in the corresponding months of 1946. In order not to weight this comparison unfairly, we have omitted from the tabulation several concerns which last year experienced losses during the first quarter because of strikes or reconversion difficulties but this year have turned in whopping profits. The sample, while small, shows an unmistakable trend and one which, we predict, will be accentuated when the statements of the real industrial giants are available.

Learning the Hard Way

FATE continues to deal harshly with the Grand Old Party. In the gay days of last November the Republicans swamped the country with promises to end government controls, put labor in its place, rout the reds, and slash the budget. Having killed price controls, they are now shuddering over the consequences. Their efforts to strait-jacket labor, going far beyond the few reasonable curbs that were in order, have split their ranks—seriously in the Senate—and will in the end probably yield nothing more fruitful than a veto. Speaker Martin and other party leaders complain bitterly that the Administration has snatched the Communist issue from under their very noses. And now the budget-cutting to which they had looked forward so fondly is proving the most painful disappointment of all.

To their chagrin, the Republicans are finding that the budget submitted by the President simply does not lend itself to the dramatic kind of surgery they had planned. Its recommended expenditure of $37½ billion for the coming fiscal year is $5 billion less than last year's budget and hardly more than a third of the outlay at the peak of the war. Both the President and the Budget Bureau did a thorough job of examining department requests and pared them down by $7 billion. What is left is largely the total of inescapable obligations: $5 billion in interest on the public debt; $11.2 billion for national defense, including occupation costs; $7.3 billion for veterans' services and benefits; and $3.5 billion for international commitments.

The amounts required for aid to foreign countries and other international obligations are far more likely to increase than diminish—and this with the support of the vast majority of Republican Congressmen. By the same token, few G. O. P. legislators will seriously plump for a reduction in defense expenditures while giving their blessing to a foreign policy of "containing" the Soviets. Finally, even professional penny-pinchers, like New York's Representative Taber, can hardly escape the fact that the salaries of federal workers are 32 per cent higher than they were before the war; or that the government, like everyone else, must buy in a market of inflated prices.

Faced with these road blocks, the pruners have fallen back on several types of budget-cutting that can do them no good. Type One is the deceptive, or sleight-of-hand cut, the crudest example of which is the proposed reduction of $800,000,000 in the Treasury's appropriation for tax refunds. This is a purely arbitrary lowering of the Treasury's own estimate of a cost it will inevitably have to bear. It would be just as logical—and as meaningless—to balance a budget by pretending that your revenue will be greater than you know it can possibly be. What is worse, any delay in paying the refunds, through sup-

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plementary appropriations, will serve only to increase the amount by the added interest the government will have to pay.

Even more costly, if less devious, are the proposed reductions of personnel in certain key agencies. The House Appropriations Committee, for example, has voted to slash the operating budget of the Bureau of Internal Revenue by $30 million. This cut would require the discharge of enforcement officers in a year when fifty million income-tax returns must be handled, as compared with fifteen million in 1940—an "economy" that may well cost the government some $600 million in uncollected revenue, or twenty times the salary of the discharged auditors. With only 3 per cent of all income-tax returns audited by the present staff of the bureau, according to reliable estimates, a reduction in personnel would be an open invitation to increased tax evasion. Similarly, the committee's reduced appropriation for the Customs Bureau would result in loss of revenue. The point is that such losses do not show up in a budget; lower appropriations do. Such are the weighty calculations of politics.

These dents, of course, are hardly noticeable in a budget of $37½ billion, but the latitude for cuts is narrow. What is worse for the G. O. P., it is getting narrower every day, as one potential cut after another turns out to be political poison for the Republicans themselves. Mr. Taber's party colleagues were quick to cover the gauche blunder of their Appropriations Committee chairman when he attempted to stint on veterans' benefits in a pre-election year. And now a rebellion threatens to break out among Western Republicans over proposals to slash appropriations for the Interior Department, which would wreck plans for a Missouri Valley Authority and for other reclamation and irrigation projects, particularly in California's Central Valley. The alarmed Westerners quickly sensed the irate reaction of their districts to the prospective cut of 60 to 70 per cent for reclamation purposes, and at once served notice on Martin and on Majority Leader Halleck that they would bolt the party on the issue and restore the appropriations. With the Democrats, they have more than enough votes to carry out the threat. And they are in deadly earnest. As Representative Hill of Colorado pointed out, such an assault on the reclamation program would have a "devastating effect" on the party that fathered it in the days of Theodore Roosevelt.

To add to the sorrows of the G. O. P. leadership, farm Republicans are ready to lead a similar assault on the slashing of the Agriculture Department's appropriation, and, according to *Business Week*, trade-association executives, most of them Republican, are up in arms against attempts to curtail the Commerce Department's business-service functions.

The experience should prove highly educational to a party that thought it could erase a decade and a half of the New Deal by a little intensive double-entry bookkeeping. The question is whether the education will take effect before the fall of 1948.

The U. N. and Palestine

BY FREDA KIRCHWEY

IN THE end, what is decided about Palestine in the U. N. will depend upon this country. The problem will be solved the way we want it to be; or it will be left unsolved if we decline to take a clear position. The United States has tried ever since World War I to evade the role that is now being forced upon it; and with good reason. Palestine meant many things to many peoples, but it was above all a by-product of empire. The mandate was accepted by Britain not out of zeal for the Jewish National Home but out of a firm purpose to establish and fortify the British position in the strategic areas wrested from Turkey in World War I.

The rise of America's oil empire in the Middle East has shifted the balance of interest and with it the weight of responsibility. Britain is still there, but the United States has moved in too. And the Truman Doctrine, about to find its first overt expression in Greece and Turkey, applies with equal force throughout the Near and Middle East. Greece is a frontier post, but Palestine is a major bastion of the new empire of oil.

It is easy to understand why Britain decided to submit the Palestine question to the United Nations. Caught between the irreconcilable claims of Jews and Arabs, the mandate has become a nightmare of terror and repression. The British military establishment in Palestine, 120,000 strong, is a giant trapped and harried by pigmies. Only a war of extermination could end the resistance of the Jews to the restrictions imposed by the White Paper; and the British government could neither stomach nor survive such a struggle. On the other hand, abolition of the White Paper and admission of the hundreds of thousands of Jews waiting to come to Palestine would rouse fierce resentment among all the Arab states, even though it would probably not result in the general uprising the British pretend to fear. To dump the problem into the lap of the U. N., while at the same time reserving the right to ignore its advice, offers Whitehall the best way out of its dilemma.

Britain's interests are still enormous and its military power formidable; but the vital force of empire, the will and wealth to dominate, is ebbing. This Mr. Churchill denies; he looks upon the government's policy of retreat as a tragic but temporary aberration. But he is romantically wrong. His Labor successors are far more realistic than he. They want to keep all the profits of empire they can, and cut the losses; and they know that this aim requires some measure of withdrawal. In

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terms of Palestine it may mean a willingness to relinquish the mandate; Britain would probably be glad to hand that thorny prize to the United States. Or it may mean merely an effort to win United Nations support for a compromise which will leave the British in effective control while offering small concessions to Arabs and Jews. It is even possible that Mr. Bevin still hopes to force through the Morrison-Grady plan. Whatever formula may ultimately be accepted, we can assume that the British intend to maintain a set-up which will protect their interests by suppressing revolt in Palestine and keeping Russian influence out.

It looks, therefore, as if Mr. Bevin had submitted Palestine to the Assembly half in good faith and half with his fingers crossed. And it is clear that the United States is the one power capable of forcing a different policy. If this country approved a solution for Palestine and assumed a major share of the responsibility for carrying it through, there is no reason to believe that Britain would balk. Indeed, an important part of Whitehall's plan of strategic retreat is to involve the United States in each area of interest, for that is the way investments can best be safeguarded, risks minimized, and losses reduced.

In spite of vacillations and conflicting promises to Arabs and Jews, the United States is legally and morally bound to support the principle of a Jewish "homeland" in Palestine as well as the admission of a large number of Jewish immigrants. We have also President Truman's recent declaration that in the judgment of the United States "the Jewish National Home has not as yet been fully developed." Just how far the American delegates in the Assembly will go in defining this commitment one dare not guess. Conflicting and powerful influences are at work, some pressing for a Jewish state, others for conciliation of the Arabs at the expense of the Jews. With the Greek-Turkish policy as a warning, we cannot assume that this country will be bound by decisions made before oil and Russia emerged as compelling factors. But neither should we too hastily decide that our new interests and fears necessarily imply a policy patterned on Britain's. For the fact that British policy in Palestine is a failure is attested not only by continued disorder and repression and military rule but by Britain's voluntary submission of the question to the U. N. The United States can hardly wish to see that failure perpetuated, still less to assume responsibility for it. Our government, in attempting to justify its intervention in Greece and Turkey, has constantly stressed the need of raising the economic level of the people to make possible a stable democratic society. In Palestine the one valid hope of democratic stability lies in the survival of Zionist institutions and their continued growth. The alternative is violent rebellion against a feudal tyranny which cannot be held intact indefinitely even by foreign doles and British troops.

The United Nations General Assembly, meeting next week in special session, will appoint a committee to investigate the Palestine question and report to the regular session in September. The choice of members and the instructions to the committee will inevitably determine the nature of the inquiry; so the decision is a vital one. A fair inquiry will be one which scrutinizes Britain's administration of the mandate with complete freedom, which passes on the legality of the White Paper and the restrictions based upon it, which considers the complaints of Jews and Arabs, which studies the various proposals for change made by both peoples and by previous investigators—particularly by the recent Anglo-American Committee of Inquiry, whose excellent report was so brusquely brushed aside by the British government. The Assembly committee should also face the desperate situation of the displaced Jews in camps in Germany—and of those on Cyprus. And the result of the study should be a series of recommendations aimed at creating *a new political order in Palestine,* with the full weight of the United Nations put behind it.

The United States should insist that the inquiry committee be chosen with this purpose in view. To imagine that such a study could be made by a body which includes any of the parties in interest is clearly absurd. Neither Britain nor the Arab states should be represented; their presence would prejudice the case from the start.

Preferably, the committee should be made up of individuals chosen for their ability and integrity and not as representatives of states. But if the nationalist mood prevalent in the U. N. finds this basis of choice unpalatable, the best alternative would be a committee representing middle and smaller states which are not too closely tied to one or another of the great powers. In this divided world, real neutrality is a fiction; the most one can hope for is relative independence.

The Nation Associates is submitting to the United Nations a memorandum arguing the necessity of a committee such as I have outlined. We urge, at the same time, that if nations directly concerned should be included, the Assembly must also admit the Jewish Agency as the official representative of the Zionist interest in and out of Palestine. If a neutral body is appointed, we advocate a procedure which insures full opportunity to all the parties concerned to appear both before the committee of inquiry and in the deliberations of the Assembly itself. This means that special provision must be made for the participation of the Jewish Agency, since Britain and Arab states are in a position to present testimony and argue their case as members of the United Nations

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India's Hour of Decision

BY SHIVA RAO

New Delhi, April 19

THE first impression created by the Mountbattens during the three weeks of the new viceroyalty has been good. They have broken down the rigidity and pomp surrounding the Viceroy and have seen representatives of many different groups—the Congress Party, Moslem League, princes, untouchables, Sikhs. The Viceroy has had long talks with Gandhi and Jinnah covering the entire ground and has ascertained their points of view. Today Mountbatten will see the governors of all eleven provinces and obtain reports on the situation in their respective jurisdictions. Lady Mountbatten has been busy visiting Delhi's hospitals and making the personal acquaintance of leaders of the women's movements.

All this is good and augurs well for the future. But the process of receiving other people's impressions—those of politicians, princes, governors, and lesser officials—must soon end. Then the Viceroy must begin to form decisions in his own mind in regard to the manner in which power will be transferred, completely and peacefully, by June of next year.

The first question of almost every Indian is whether Mountbatten, appointed for the short space of fourteen months, can impress on all officials from the governors down the Labor government's determination to effect such a transfer of power. The majority of the governors are drawn from the Indian Civil Service: they are able and experienced administrators, but they don't believe in India's right to independence or its capacity for it. In a dramatic outburst last week the Pathan premier of the Northwest Frontier Province declared that Churchill had more friends and followers in India than in England and that they were using the Moslem League as their tool. Several of the Viceroy's British agents who act as advisers to the princes similarly give the impression of fighting a rearguard action in order to obstruct or delay India's advance toward freedom.

The time is rapidly approaching for some big decisions on the part of the Viceroy, the Congress leaders, and the Moslem League. Jinnah continues to demand that full Pakistan apply to five entire provinces—Assam and Bengal in the northeast and Sind, Punjab, and the Northwest Frontier Province on the other side. There has been a remarkable movement among the Hindus and Sikhs in these areas in favor of the partition of Bengal and Punjab. Applying the same logic and principles used by Jinnah in his demand for division, they have worked out a scheme for partitioning the Punjab, the eastern half of which is decisively Sikh and Hindu. Similarly, the Bengal Hindus want a separate homeland for themselves west of and including Calcutta. Should these movements gain more strength Jinnah's conception of Pakistan stands in grave peril of being truncated. Assam has a Hindu majority, and the Northwest Frontier Province, though overwhelmingly Moslem, is under the influence of the Congress Party. The Pathan values independence more than anything else and despises the Moslem League as a party run by pro-British landlords.

Six months ago the suggestion for the partition of Bengal and the Punjab would have been fiercely resisted by Hindus and Sikhs as the thin edge of the wedge of Pakistan. But the large-scale murder, rioting, and arson during this period have convinced the non-Moslems that division of the provinces, however distasteful, is the only practical solution. Strangely enough, the Moslems, who insist on the partition of India, disapprove this solution of the Hindus and Sikhs. A divided Pakistan, with eastern Bengal, western Punjab, and Sind separated from the rest by a thousand miles of Hindu territory, would be administratively impossible. Gandhi at one stage seemed unwilling to bless this demand for partition but has weakened in his opposition. Other Congress leaders, like Nehru, believe it offers a way, however difficult, out of the present deadlock.

This is not the only issue on which Jinnah must reach a decision. Another which he has not faced is whether the Moslem League will enter the Constituent Assembly or stay out. This decision must be taken soon, since the Assembly will proceed with its task of framing the constitution regardless of the League's policy.

Nehru made another characteristically generous offer to Jinnah yesterday, appealing to him to confer with the representatives of the other parties and reach generally acceptable agreements. Nehru's view is that the Indians must settle their internal differences and take full advantage of the British offer to withdraw in June of next year. If the Moslem League accepts the invitation in the right spirit, the problem can be solved. If not, those parts of India, whether entire provinces or more limited areas, which recognize the authority of the Constituent Assembly should frame a constitution for themselves, thus insuring independence for a great part of the country at any rate.

Nehru again made one point explicit and clear: the Congress Party will not coerce any region to accept the

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constitution framed by the Assembly. Pakistan, he observed, can never be established by violence and murder; all settlements must result from negotiations and compromises. There was deep emotion behind his words as he referred to the vast influence India could wield both among its Asian neighbors and in the world if its internal feuds did not prevent. No religious community, he said, could aspire to domination.

There are two points that for tactical reasons Nehru and the other Congress leaders have not raised. First, assuming as seems likely that Jinnah and the Moslem League will decline to join the Constituent Assembly and will demand separation, should the Assembly continue to work on the basis of a weak federal center controlling only defense, external affairs, communications, and possibly some aspects of finance? This was a compromise intended to attract the Moslem League into the Constituent Assembly. Many competent constitutionalists have been critical of it, pointing out that India's social and economic progress demands a much stronger federal authority. If the Moslem League stays out, the compromise loses the only merit claimed for it. Therefore, the argument runs, why should not the Assembly decide to strengthen the federal center, while conceding to the units the largest possible measure of autonomy?

The second consideration is whether the Moslem Leaguers who joined the interim government during Lord Wavell's viceroyalty—when they had the assurance, which Jinnah later repudiated, that the League would enter the Assembly—have the right to continue as members. This issue was raised by Nehru, but the controversy ended for the time being with the recall of Lord Wavell. Mountbatten has not had the question put to him, since hope persists that the crisis may be averted. Congress leaders have appealed to Jinnah to take part in the Constituent Assembly, and Gandhi, more realistic than the rest, seems willing to let Jinnah run the central government in cooperation with Congress provided he guarantees peace in the country and seeks Pakistan through argument and not force and violence. If Mountbatten confirms the first impression he has created—of being strong and decisive as well as pleasant and accessible—the crisis may never come.

Some essential conditions, however, will have to be fulfilled. Governors and officials must either loyally carry out the government's policy or vacate office. The Moslem Leaguers cannot urge direct action and incite to murder if they are to remain members of the interim government. The process of transferring power must begin immediately.

Looting the National Forests

BY RICHARD L. NEUBERGER

Portland, Oregon, April 18

IN A period of international crisis, when the attention of the American people is on distant points, their enemies at home invariably get ready for some good old-fashioned stabbing in the back. This time the knife is being whetted by the National Livestock Association and kindred groups. The victim has not been closed in on for many years. It is the vast system of National Forests west of the Continental Divide. John Muir, Teddy Roosevelt, and more recently Gifford Pinchot, all died thinking these majestic woods and mountain ranges forever the possession of succeeding generations of Americans. The stockmen hope to prove them wrong. Unfortunately, the present Congress is ideally constituted to transform such a hope into reality.

Ever since the National Forests were torn away from the lumber companies and railroads, grazing has been allowed within their boundaries. During these years, through political influence and mortgage foreclosures, the grazing permits issued by the federal government have become the property of a comparatively small group of powerful ranchers. Fewer than 11,000 farm owners out of the half-million or more in the Far West monopolize the forest range. On these grazing privileges formidable baronies in sheep and cattle have been built. Animals withheld from the market in order to arouse feeling against the OPA were actually fattened on grass growing on the public domain, and the American people thus denied the product of their own forage.

You might think that the stockmen would be satisfied with these feudal powers and not seek to extend them—but you would think so only if you were totally ignorant of the practices of the big ranchers in Wyoming, California, New Mexico, Oregon, and Arizona. While any contest to determine the greediest and most selfish minority in the United States would assuredly end in a photo finish, the inevitable winner would be the Western livestock industry. Its operators regard as insufferable the slightest effort by the American government to halt their flagrant looting of the range. Having helped to liquidate

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the OPA, they now stalk even bigger quarry. Their current ambition is to bring about the end of all Forest Service control over 80,000,000 acres of the most scenic and productive mountain pasture between the Rockies and the Pacific Ocean.

The livestock industry wants to own this land outright, and its scheme to get it has been given encouragement by recent resolutions of the United States Chamber of Commerce. Not since the campaign waged long ago against T. R.'s conservation program has so blatant a proposal for the destruction of recreational and scenic values been advanced. Moreover, some 8,000,000 people get their drinking water from rivers and lakes which rise in this area. And it is a haven for wildlife—elk, mule deer, bighorn sheep, antelope. It includes the Tonto Basin, the Wallowa Mountains, the High Sierras, and many other regions of natural grandeur.

Even the lumber industry is horrified by the demands of the ranchers. "As a raid upon public resources the plan of the stockmen is astounding in its audacity," asserts the American Forestry Association, itself heavily composed of logging and sawmill members. "This is a plan to break up the National Forests. The strategy is to put pressure on Congress to eliminate grazing lands from the forests and give permit holders the right to acquire such lands in fee simple. We cannot believe that the Eightieth Congress will be trapped by this strategy."

The American Forestry Association, I am afraid, does not know as much as it should about Congressmen. The situation is ripe for just such a legalized steal as the cattle and sheep raisers now contemplate. The people themselves disconnected the burglary alarm last November when they defeated tested conservationists in the Western states and sent to Congress as their replacements many allies of the stockmen. Even such Democrats as Senators O'Mahoney and Hatch, who have taken a liberal stand on various other issues, are willing to see ranch herds eat off the grass anchoring the top soil on the vital Columbia, Snake, and Colorado watersheds.

Franklin D. Roosevelt knew what conservation was all about. A regard for forests and soil was instilled in him by his upbringing. When he spoke from an observation-car platform, he frequently advised the people to guard their resources. On trips across the Inland Empire and Oregon's high desert he commented constantly on the trees, or grass, or gullies fringing the railroad right of way. Roosevelt appointed two great chief foresters, the late F. A. Silcox and Lyle Watts. Watts, a lean, quiet career man in the Forest Service, is still on the job, but the fervor for conservation has been extinguished in the rest of the government. Secretary Krug, for example, has been practically supine in the face of attacks by the livestock men on his department's handling of arid grazing lands which are less valuable than the National Forest pastures.

The first objective of the stockmen is to have federal forage areas turned over to the various states for "administration." The tender mercy the forests would then receive may be judged by the fact that practically all the Western states long ago parted with their public school lands for less than the proverbial song. The ultimate goal of the ranchers is of course private ownership of the long mountain slopes which provide millions of people with opportunities for skiing, hunting, fishing, boating, and camping, to say nothing of furnishing water for domestic uses and crop irrigation. "Seldom would the rights of so many have been so flouted to intrench the special privilege of so few," declares the Enterprise *Chieftain*, published in the heart of the Wallowa grazing country along the Oregon-Idaho border.

The United States Chamber of Commerce resolves: "Private ownership should be reestablished as the ultimate objective in government land policy." The theme of the campaign is indicated by use of the word "reestablished." Federal ownership of National Forest grazing lands is condemned as a heretical New Deal doctrine, a practice obviously never envisioned by the nation's founders. Completely forgotten is the fact that the Roosevelt who set aside the National Forests was named Theodore, and that before him the cause had been supported by both Grover Cleveland and Benjamin Harrison.

Grazing preferences in the National Forests were granted over the strenuous objection of John Muir and other conservationists. Even E. H. Harriman voiced a mild protest. T. R. and Gifford Pinchot, distinguished conservationist and head of the Forest Service, finally compromised with the livestock interests; else there might have been no forest reserves at all. Then as now many of the Senators from the inter-mountain states fitted conveniently into the saddle-bags of the beef barons.

Instead of being grateful for the privilege of feeding their stock on the public domain, the stockmen have abused it shamefully. They have run larger herds than the land is supposed to sustain. Rangers zealous in the public interest have learned that their superiors have received nasty letters from local Congressmen. The Wyoming stock growers are now attempting to force the ouster of John W. Spencer, regional forester at Denver, who courageously referred to the ranchers seeking to get personal ownership of forest lands as "trouble-makers, rabble-rousers, and purely selfish individuals." Conservationists in the Rocky Mountain area were heartsick when the Department of Agriculture chose to issue a mealy-mouthed apology for Spencer's "injudicious words."

The stockmen want to rid themselves of the Forest Service because its soil and forage experts insist that the number of animals allowed under at least half the grazing permits must be reduced. With the grass gone, the sod is beginning to blow. Eroded hillsides are crumbling

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into rivers and creeks. Fish runs have been destroyed. Lakes behind irrigation dams are clogged with silt. Flash floods replace the steady murmur of mountain streams.

If the number of head allowed under a permit is trimmed, the rancher will be out of pocket thousands of dollars. Many famous Western ranches are mere "headquarters outfits"—that is, the operator owns only a house, corrals, and a silo. The value of the property is in the monopolistic privilege of using the adjacent National Forest land for forage. "Grazing permits," says the *Chieftain*, "are often far more valuable than the deeded ranches to which they are appurtenant." These permits are sold with the ranch. At a recent sale in Montana the ranch was appraised at $6,500 and the grazing permit at $29,000.

The Forest Service has not only stated that the forest lands are over-grazed. It has also hinted that perhaps reduction ought to be made for "distribution purposes." Why should one big operator hog the grass in a whole mountain cordillera? Why not reduce his permit and give others a chance, particularly if some of the newcomers happen to be ex-G. I.'s starting out on a shoestring? This suggestion is *lèse majesté* to the cattle Senators. Pat McCarran of Nevada has introduced a bill taking from the Forest Service power to trim the permits of operators now running stock on the National Forests. And Senator Robertson of Wyoming, himself the holder of a permit to run 2,400 sheep on the Shoshone National Forest, is sponsoring legislation to turn over the public domain to the Western states. This, of course, is tantamount to giving away the legacy of the American people at bargain-basement prices.

If these measures are passed, Harry Truman's veto may be the sole means of preserving our heritage of forest and mountain for future generations. But the character of the President's conservation advisers is not reassuring. Certainly neither Secretary Krug nor Secretary Anderson has demonstrated the understanding of soil and forest problems which distinguished Harold Ickes and Henry Wallace. The lethargy of the people of the West is also discouraging. They succumb to the argument, repeated with boring monotony in the daily press, that the inflated prosperity of the big stockmen is essential to the economic well-being of the region. They forget the lesson learned long ago by Switzerland—that the tourist trade goes on forever and brings money into the pockets of everyone from hotel keepers to garage mechanics. A range grazed bare is an economic loss. A mountain meadow, lush with grass and wild flowers, will lure nostalgic fishermen and campers from the ends of the earth.

If the National Forest grazing lands pass into the possession of the livestock operators, the joys they offer will be gone beyond recapture. The National Forest system as Muir and Pinchot envisioned it, as millions of Americans have come to accept it, will be ended. The one sure way to thwart the stockmen and their minions in Congress is for people in garden clubs, wild-life groups, and Izaak Walton Leagues all over the country to make their voices heard.

Italy's Place in the World

BY J. ALVAREZ DEL VAYO

IN THE Palazzo Chigi, Italy's State Department, Carlo Sforza has found the spot in which he can best serve the interests of his country. A consistent anti-Fascist, Count Sforza quit the Italian embassy in Paris on the very day Mussolini came to power, in spite of the Duce's insistence that he remain. When the Fascist regime was overthrown, he might easily have become the leader of the new Italy; but he made the mistake of letting himself be caught in the web of Anglo-American diplomacy, whose goal then as now was to check the Resistance everywhere and prevent it from becoming stronger than was necessary for the defeat of the Nazis. Washington and London were playing one group of political exiles against the other in order to split the anti-Fascist forces of Italy just as they had split those of France and Spain.

For a brief period Sforza was involved in these intrigues to the point of believing that he was the only man who could swing Anglo-American support to the Italian liberation movement. Against his initial impulse to stay out of the Badoglio Cabinet, he finally agreed to become a minister without portfolio. But Sforza's republican sentiments and his loyalty to the Italian people were too deeply ingrained: when the British began maneuvering openly to restore the House of Savoy, he rebelled. In reprisal Churchill attacked him as politically "unreliable" and charged that he was conspiring to usurp Marshal Badoglio's place. By this cynical foray into Italian politics the British leader succeeded in blocking Sforza's appointment as Prime Minister after the first Bonomi Cabinet fell in November, 1944. Now, on his own merits and without the blessing of either Washington or London, Sforza has won the post of Foreign Minister. Had it not been for the split in the Socialist Party, Nenni

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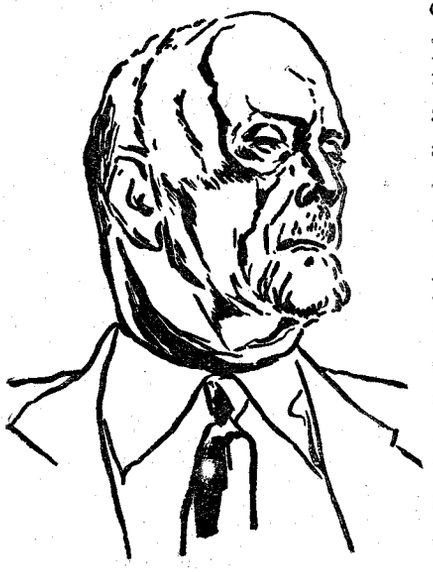
would probably have remained in the Foreign Office and pursued a bolder policy than his successor; since he did resign, however, Italy is fortunate to have a man of the experience and international prestige of Sforza.

It is the fashion these days to scoff at classical diplomacy. In the period between the two world wars the career diplomat became so closely identified in the public mind with failure, appeasement, and all the rest that progressives instinctively look with a suspicious eye on striped trousers and silk hat. But recent international conferences have proved that a certain amount of old-style diplomacy, or at least old-style diplomatic experience, is desirable; at the Paris Foreign Ministers' conference I heard radicals more than once express a longing for a few veterans who had cut their teeth on problems of foreign affairs and knew how to deal with them.



Drawing by Dolbin

Carlo Sforza

Carlo Sforza is such a veteran. He made his international debut at the Algeciras conference of 1906, which settled the fate of Morocco. There the young diplomat was thrown into the center of the turmoil of his time. Sforza was one of the first to realize that the European balance was already precarious and that the headstrong ambition of Kaiser Wilhelm, the stupidity of the statesmen of imperial Austria, and the consuming greed of Hungary's feudal landholders must inevitably lead to war. Time after time he called the turn in foreign affairs. In 1919 when the Paris conference was announcing almost daily the "imminent collapse" of the Soviets, Sforza wrote to his chief, Foreign Minister Sonnino: "I hesitate to venture an opinion on the vitality and the future of the Soviet regime. But of this I can assure Your Excellency: it will never be smashed by wretched White Russians like those we have saved at the front and are now supporting. . . . Theirs is a dying world, without courage, without generosity, without ideals." But one of Sonnino's weaknesses was his lack of imagination; and as Sforza told me the other day, repeating a favorite maxim of his, "imagination is the only thing that counts in foreign policy."

A notable achievement in Sforza's long career was to have gained the confidence of Serbian Prime Minister Pachich and to have convinced him that it was in the interest of both Yugoslavia and Italy to settle their differences by direct negotiation. During the Spa conference of 1920, when I interviewed him for *La Nación* of Buenos Aires, Sforza told me that the only way to come to an agreement with the Yugoslavs was to deal directly with them; he did not allow the dispute to be brought before the conference. He carried on direct discussions with the Yugoslavs and after five months of effort concluded the Treaty of Rapallo, the first *negotiated* treaty of World War I. Unfortunately Italy had little opportunity to enjoy this success, for barely two years later an adventurer called Mussolini staged his march on Rome. The Rapallo accomplishment by itself justified the choice of Sforza as Foreign Minister in the present period, when the need to establish friendly relations with Yugoslavia is even more urgent.

Meeting Sforza for the first time since he left the United States two years ago, I found him as youthful and energetic as ever, even more sure of himself, and delighted to be back in the magnificent setting of the Palazzo Chigi, which seems somehow to have been designed to his measure. His visiting cards and all official documents simply carry the name "Carlo Sforza," though the Republic has authorized him to use his title. When the issue of titles of nobility came up in the Constituent Assembly, a Communist deputy, Ruggero Grieco, settled it with his vote, saying: "After all, titles are fairly innocuous toys; surely the many freedoms guaranteed by the Italian constitution ought to include the freedom to play with them."

Recently Sforza joined the Republican Party of Rodolfo Pacciardi, though in the Cabinet he is an independent. It is a source of deep pride to him that Italy's "common man," instead of following Giannini, has rallied to those parties which stand for real democracy based on social and economic justice. His sympathy for the people will not be affected by the incident last week when he was assaulted by a group of unemployed. He knows that the provocative display of all kinds of luxuries in the windows of shops and the exhibition of the new wealth in Italy has created an irritation which Fascist agents and other provocateurs may easily exploit.

Sforza is certain the treaty will be revised, because, he says, it is almost inconceivable that the Allied statesmen would deny Italy a role in the reconstruction of Europe for the sake of a few million lire in reparations. At the same time he realizes that the way to speed revision is not by protest demonstrations and threats, all too reminiscent of the Fascist era. He succeeded in obtaining Cabinet approval of the treaty on the ground that it would prove Italy's determination "to hasten the advent of a constructive peace in the interest of genuine amity and collaboration among nations." Unlike the reactionaries, Sforza rejects the idea that Italy, by playing the role of *tertius gaudens*, could profitably exploit the differences

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between East and West. He opposed an anti-Soviet bloc in 1919 and he opposes it today. The new foreign policy of Italy is embodied in Article VI of the draft constitution, which not only bars forever Italian participation in wars of aggression but accepts any limitation of sovereignty necessary to make the United Nations a more useful instrument than the League.

Unquestionably the peace treaty will be revised. But in the meantime, it seems to me, Italy should be admitted to the United Nations with full rights as a country that has resolutely taken the democratic path.

While Sforza is doing his best to pave the way for Italy's entrance into world affairs without sacrifice of its independence, his colleague in the Ministry of Industry and Commerce, Rodolfo Morandi, is working hard to restore the country's economy without mortgaging it to reactionary internal or foreign interests.

Morandi is one of the ablest men in the Socialist Party. He has that characteristic air of energy and initiative which marks the men of the Resistance. Now in his middle forties, he struggled throughout the Fascist period to keep alive a nucleus around which the party could later be rebuilt. Morandi was arrested for propaganda activities in behalf of the Spanish Republic at the most crucial moment of Italy's intervention in Spain. He is the author of a number of books on economics, notably the "Storia della Grande Industria Moderna in Italia." Convinced that in Italy as in all Europe reconstruction must go hand in hand with socialism, he advocates orderly planning to eliminate the chaotic free-for-all of unregulated enterprise.

For more than twenty years Italy survived in an economic limbo halfway between state control and free enterprise. At the economic congress in Florence last January the delegates were unanimous on one point: the country must now choose between a capitalist economy and a planned economy along Socialist lines. The partisans of capitalism pointed to the recent extraordinary expansion of certain industries, especially textiles, which in 1946 surpassed all previous records; I myself talked to several prosperous textile manufacturers who impressed me with their optimism and ingenuity. But Morandi is not interested in isolated success stories; his aim is to release all the potentialities of Italian industry. For while the textile industry has already reached a peak of technical capacity, there are many other industries, like food, chemicals, and machine tools, which still have a long way to go and whose development could contribute greatly to the economic independence of the country.

Morandi realizes that Mussolini's corporate state discredited in the eyes of many Italians the whole idea of planning. None the less he has submitted for popular approval a simple program outlining two objectives:

1. To reconstitute an efficient system of transport by rail, sea, and other public carriers, and to alleviate the shortage of electric power. At the present rate, this objective can be realized by 1949.

2. To reestablish the balance of payments, provided, of course, that materials necessary to the development of Italian industry are made available. This implies important changes in the economic structure and therefore cannot be achieved much before the end of 1951.

Economically Italy has one advantage over France: the war left its industrial machinery relatively intact. "Deliver nothing to the Germans—save as much as you can for Italy," was one of the slogans of the Resistance. All sorts of methods were used to keep supplies from going to the Nazis. Hitler's armies were able to buy far more in Vichy France than in Fascist Italy. When Mussolini signed a pact with Hitler, anti-Fascists in the civil service as well as in industry systematically sabotaged the fulfilment of its economic clauses. The outraged Nazis complained bitterly to the Duce; it did no good. Machines were smuggled out of factories and hidden away in villages; in Milan I visited a printing plant whose entire equipment had disappeared overnight and been distributed among peasants in the neighborhood. Thus the bulk of Italy's wealth remained within its borders even though the Germans created a vast black market in the hope of luring products into the open. When the Allies reached the industrial centers of northern Italy, they were amazed at the resources they found there.

Despite the efforts of the Resistance, however, Morandi has a major task on his hands. Although considerable progress was made in 1946, industrial production on the whole is still under 70 per cent of the 1938 level. The lira is subject to constant inflationary pressure, and its fluctuations make it difficult to fix prices or finance new business enterprises. The nightmare of Italian planners is the lack of fuel. Before the war England, Germany, and Poland supplied most of Italy's coal, but they are no longer in a position to do it. Of course there is always the United States, but American coal is expensive and distant and, besides, Italy has not the ships to transport it. The government is now studying several practical projects for new hydroelectric power plants; the main difficulty is to find sufficient capital.

All this may lead people to question my optimism about Italy's future. That optimism is based not so much on statistics as on human factors. Italian leaders with whom I spoke, unlike those in other European countries, expressed complete confidence in their ability, despite all difficulties, to see the job through. The Italian workers provide even greater reason for hope. While I was in Milan I used to watch them on their way to the factories. I would get up early and go to the Cathedral

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Square, where other early risers were treating hundreds of pigeons to their breakfast. Then I would take a tramway or a bus loaded with workers and ride out to the factory with them just to listen to their talk. At closing time I would go again to the plant and accompany them back to town. Men who exhibit the humor and vitality and interest of these people will surely set Italy on its feet again.

Given the role the workers played in the Resistance, one can understand Morandi's determination to push through his bill to give legal status to the "Consigli di Gestione" (Industrial Councils). He told me the story of these mixed committees of laborers and technicians which sprang up spontaneously during the war and spread through Italy after the liberation. They shared in the battle for freedom; today they are more than ever essential in the reconstruction of the nation. During the Allied occupation the committees were prohibited from functioning; apparently the military authorities thought they represented a step toward bolshevism even though similar methods were prevalent in Britain. Morandi's project has met with stiff opposition from the Christian Democrats; Premier de Gasperi argues that recognition of the committees might jeopardize Italy's chances of obtaining further financial assistance from the United States. The dollar continues to exercise an inhibiting influence on progressive developments in Europe.

If in these articles I have placed special emphasis on the role of the Resistance, it is not out of partisan sympathy. It is because the Resistance is the very backbone of the new Italian Republic and will, I predict, lead the left to victory in the elections next October. I have come back from this brief visit to Italy convinced that neither the Vatican nor Western capitalism nor the surviving native Fascists will prevent the Italian people from making their country a leading factor in a progressive Europe. That is why I say again: Open the doors of the United Nations to the new Italy.

[*This is the last of three articles on Italy by Mr. del Vayo.*]

Notes on Jamaica

BY MARGARET MARSHALL

[*Continued from the issue of April 12*]

Ocho Rios, Jamaica

THE "uneducated ones" in Jamaica speak a pidgin English that is almost unintelligible, and speak it in a singsong fashion that doesn't make it any more comprehensible. By chance the *Gleaner* printed the other day a poem written in this lingo. I pass it on both for the language and the content. As literary editors are wont to say, it has some rather good lines in it.

PLAIN TALK

Tan tuddy, bwoy, an ah respec'
An' show yu mannan well;
Me daughta is comely gal—
Noe tink she so-so shell.

So if you warn response fe her
An' kep her a-yu yard,
Yu wi ah fe men yu ways
An' play noe mo tree-card.

Yu Moo-ma say use noe good,
An' gamble day an' nite,
An' spen' yu time pon idleness,
Yu drink . . . yu cuss . . . yu fite.

Me ear yu conchance gone pon strike
For Ratta nyam ye out,
De ongle part a-yu whey wok
A-yu big raw-chawin' mout.

Dem tell me say yu neva toil,
But ate fe se Yam heap—
Nobody se yu wen yu sow
Nar ketch yu wen yu reap.

Me gal noe deh pon shelf a-spwile,
Nar rot like tinkin' fish;
So she muss get a propa man
An' everyting she wish.

Noe gal gwine like a two-time man,
An' one dat sleep a-street;
Carrousin' wid a pin-leg gal
Wid numba leven feet.

An' me daughta, she nah mix-up
In all dem slackness way,
Far me can tell yu, an me no
Dat Sweet-art life noe pay.

Now, since yu say yu love me gal,
An' since yu proud fe ask—
Me warn fe meck ye plain to yu
Dah it noe easy task.

Look round me-son, an' start fe count
Dis fambily noe small,
Yu ah fe mine de gal an' me,
Moo-ma, Gran-ma, an' all.

GEORGE B. WALLACE

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One is always being regaled with talk about the ways of the natives and how one must handle these people. An amusing and downright woman—a part-time resident who owns a property here—told me you had to lose your temper at regular intervals and make it clear that you were not a "fool-fool." She outlined her methods of preventing pilfering—up to a point. She said you had to allow for a certain amount, and Marx would agree with her. She spoke of the high incidence of venereal disease and added that the only thing that kept it down was the fever treatment provided by malaria. "If they wipe out malaria before they wipe out syphilis," she said, "God help us." Shortly before our conversation Pamela Churchill had been out here and had written an article on the terrible conditions in the hospital in Kingston. One of her complaints was that the patients sometimes slept two—or three—in a bed. My acquaintance said that Pamela was right but that Pamela didn't know that the natives don't like to sleep alone—her own servants have often told her so, and she has never been able to put over the idea of one to a bed!

All "nice people" agree that the natives have no morals. One woman told me that the native population was 75 per cent illegitimate. The old grannies say that you are not a woman until you've had a child, and girls are anxious to prove their womanhood. Besides, marriage is a costly affair, since it is a great event and must be celebrated properly. By the time they get around to it there may already be seven or eight children on the scene. The connection between sex and sin has simply not been established. A woman who does a good deal of work with the natives and is fond of them told me she had a group of girls who came to her house once a week to sew. One of them suddenly stopped coming. When she questioned the others she was told that the girl had had a baby. "She knew you wouldn't approve of it," said the informant. Illegitimacy makes difficulties, of course, for young and indigent mothers. If they go to court they may get half a crown or a shilling and a half a week from the father or fathers of their children, but their employability is impaired. Where religion is concerned they are similarly polite and impervious. The same woman was authorized by her church to hold Sunday School at her home. When she asked what time of day would be most suitable, she was told that the afternoon would be the best time because the kids went to the Baptist Sunday School in the morning. They like to dress up and go to church and sing, but creeds mean little.

All this is a condensed version of the views of white people I talked to, views undoubtedly colored by a conviction of upper-class superiority. I offer them as testimony not as evidence.

But it is a fact that the very poor present a difficult problem, especially in the towns. This problem assumes its most extreme form in the West End of Kingston, an urban slum which was recently the subject of much comment when a member of the city council, Wills O. Isaacs, made a tour of the area and confronted his colleagues with his findings. One has only to drive through the district—as one does traveling in or out of Kingston—to know that Mr. Isaacs's dismal report was not exaggerated. It is a huge tropical Hooverville, the obvious breeding place of the current crime wave and of the epidemic which Mr. Isaacs said must sooner or later break out. For an American perhaps the most lurid sight of all was the spectacle of two movie houses, rising like palaces out of the surrounding squalor, with long lines of people waiting to see "The Road to Alcatraz" and "Saratoga Trunk." It seemed hardly the fare they needed.

Needless to say, the illiterate poor, urban and rural, are a class apart from the colored Jamaicans of education and status who with the white minority run the affairs of the island. In view of the fact that they are not a race apart, the nature of the relations between the whites and the people of color on the upper levels seems to an American all the more interesting. Officially, of course, there is no color line. I was assured more than once, however, that socially the color line does exist. Yet as it works out in practice, according to my observation, the line doesn't hold with any consistency. It is whispered that so-and-so is no longer accepted because he married a woman "with a lick." Yet the very people who will not accept the woman in question have colored friends of their own.

Among the most interesting people I met were a colored man and his white wife who told me something of the family history. Mr. A's great-grandfather, a Scotchman, came to Jamaica in 1743 and married a mulatto—at this point Mr. A spoke with eloquence of the superior colonizing talents of the Scotch as compared with the English. They founded a family which in the third and fourth generations is proud of its ancestry, both dark and light, and appears to be freely accepted, socially and otherwise. It was a very pleasant experience. I've no doubt that there is a great deal of race prejudice, but it would seem that colored people are accepted or rejected as individual human beings and not made much or little of as symbols—as they usually are in America by the enlightened or the prejudiced as the case may be.

To one coming in from the great world Jamaica seems an archaic period piece, something left over from a sim-

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pler time. It has its charm. The white people I've met have a very pleasant way about them—as if the tropical sunshine had softened the sharp edges of their Northern heritage. But they live in a small and special world—which is now being impinged upon by world events and forces, including the famous American standard of living. They are in general conservative, and think the Labor government is going too fast and too far!

I've mentioned the *Daily Gleaner*. It's not a bad little newspaper. Mr. Bustamante says it's a monopoly; the *Gleaner* retorts that it is not. Certainly it gives plenty of space to Mr. B. Its news stories of the British crisis revealed a desire to believe that the Labor government was about to fall—like many other journalistic harvesters the *Gleaner* sows what it reaps—and this desire was nowhere more apparent than in its considered, reluctant editorial opinion that nothing of the sort would happen. But it tries, perforce, to please its readers, white, brown, and black, and it is endlessly interesting for the picture it gives of the people who do read and advertise in it. It plays up, for instance, cases of racial discrimination in the States. At the same time it deplores Bustamante's references to the color question at home. Its advertisements are often quaint and naive. My favorite, frequently run, is that of a funeral director whose catch line is, "If I should die call Jackson." Its proofreading is amazing and confounding; some of its headlines are not to be classified. One declared that "Lady Huggins Finds Poor Stimulating." (Lady Huggins is the wife of the Governor.) Her speech didn't really deserve the headline. She, by the way, is very active in the campaign to prevent cruelty to animals. A great many ladies are: Marxians please note. The animals *are* badly treated, and thin as rails. It's just possible, of course, that the natives think it's the only way to handle these creatures.

ENVOI

In Jamaica you still clap your hands to summon a servant. An American who still has a maid was wondering how Mary would react if she inadvertently did the some thing at home. "That's easy," said another American, "she'd think you were applauding and ask for a raise."

I prefer it that way—even though my hands have acquired that Ivory look in just twelve days. I shouldn't like to live in a community with a submerged population. It's pleasant to be waited on hand and foot for a pittance, but it's also uncomfortable. And the discomfort rises from a mixture of feelings. The sense of guilt is basic, I suppose, and in a way it puts you at the mercy of the people who wait upon you, whatever their particular attitudes. You tend to ascribe to them all the resentments you yourself would have in their situation—and the fact that they accept their situation and don't have the resentments you ascribe to them is not soothing either. The faithful servant embarrasses you. The occasional surly one arouses a vague anxiety rather than a clear anger. And, not least, the knowledge of what the living conditions of these people must be may stir your nobler feelings, but it also makes you conscious of the relation between food and sanitation. The ideal of equality, like most ideals, has its practical aspects.

In the Wind

A PAMPHLET ENTITLED "The Use of Books in Public Relations" states that "it is preferable to find . . . a writer of reputation who will mix truth with interest in proper proportions."

AND A STEAMING RELEASE from the Jonfield Service in New York City announces with pride that that organization has "secured access to the 1946 List of America's 500 Second-Best Writers."

HERE COMES COLONEL R. C. KRAMER, chairman of the Allied Store Corporation, a department-store chain, to tell us, as quoted in the *Cooperative News Service,* that "never in my business life have I seen business morality so low, so little sold for so much, such disregard for quality and long-range interests, such opportunism, and such an absurd inflation of ego."

NOW LET'S HEAR from two churchmen: "I should want segregation if I were a Negro," says the Reverend Dr. Cyril E. Bentley in a recent issue of *Living Church;* the Reverend Dr. Walter R. Courtenay, in a bulletin published by the First Presbyterian Church of Nashville, Tennessee, weighs in with this affirmation: "I believe in Private Property, its sanctity and dignity, because I believe God does."

ACCORDING to the Meridian (Mississippi) *Star,* "Crooner Taylor [Senator Glenn Taylor] speaks for 500,000 Idaho Potatoes," while "Bilbo represents 2,000,000 Mississippi Anglo-Saxons." The Wind is glad this is so, because the 1940 census reveals Mississippi's population to be 2,180,905, of which 1,074,478 were colored.

NOT TO BE OVERLOOKED in the loan-to-Greece crisis is the small news item that the Greek parliament, two weeks ago, approved a bill authorizing the government to allocate $40,000 for the dowry of Princess Catherine.

MEANWHILE the War Department has issued a list of Education Manuals, G. I. Round-Table Series, which have been rescinded because they are obsolete, one of which is War Department Circular 335, November 14, 1946—"The Way to Prevent future Wars."

A FEW WEEKS AGO President Truman nominated five Negroes out of a total of 1,864 officers for a commission in the regular army. That brought the number of commissioned Negro officers up to 46 out of a total of 26,850.

[*We invite our readers to submit material for In the Wind. One dollar will be paid for each item accepted.*]

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And Still They Laugh

BY CHARLES LAROM

Jinsen, Korea

THE Stateside newspapers which arrived aboard our broadbeamed LST in the last mail would probably seem amusing, except for the dead children lying in the gutter a few hundred yards from the ship.

The several-months-old papers seem to be unusually food conscious. Spread over one front page is a three-column picture of a line-up for sugar. . . . Two learned writers fuss over the political implications of sending food abroad—one of them sure the food is playing into the hands of the Communists, the other that the totalitarian right is benefiting. . . . The response to President Truman's food-conservation plea is adjudged "mild," the plan condemned as "naturally ineffectual"; Walter Winchell alone gives it a real plug. . . . A columnist on a Boston paper screeches at "Uncle Sap" for sending food abroad when the country is suffering from a "critical shortage" of its own.

Those two kids over in the gutter died of starvation.

Their sucked-in cheeks, washboard chests, and bloated bellies are almost a trademark of the post-war Asiatic area. They are only a step ahead of millions of others who are still trying to scrape together enough food to last another day, another week, or even until the next harvest.

Evidences of mass starvation have been plentiful from French Indo-China, all the way up the line, and the people reaching the coast from farther inland say the situation there is even worse. They agree that UNRRA has helped, but insist it has never had large enough supplies to be more than a token blessing.

In Haiphong I walked the streets early one morning with an American medical sergeant, a member of a military liaison unit, while he made his daily count of bodies before the street cleaners disposed of them. Thirty-seven natives had dropped dead in the main part of the town during the previous night—a new low for the week, according to the Sarge. It was cholera that usually struck the final blow, he explained, but in almost every case the dead man had been so weakened by malnutrition over a long period that it was merely a matter of chance which disease shoved him over the brink.

CHARLES LAROM is the pseudonym of an American naval officer.

Northwest of French Indo-China families in crude paddle sailboats fluttered close to our anchored ship, hoping for any sort of handout. In athletic contests got up by the sailors rival boatloads of natives dived into the choppy waters of Henriette Pass for slices of bread. The women of the winning boat were required to express their thanks for each soggy slice by an undressing act, but the rows of their ribs protruded too distinctly for the sight to have the expected allure. (Before the ship left, incidentally, the crew robbed the galley of most of its own evening meal and lowered it over the fantail—probably without contributing to a political victory for either Commies or Fascists.)

In Soochow and Tsientsin listless, scrawny children chanted their plaintive "No momma, no poppa, no chow-chow—Comashaw, Joe?" We never knew whether they had really lost their parents, but their frail malformed bodies offered adequate proof of "no chow-chow."

Sampans of natives, crowding close around the ships in the Hongkong anchorage, vied for a chance to collect the slop-cans of garbage. After sorting the discarded swill into its component parts, they would wash off chunks of food in the sea, carefully ration out enough for a meal, then carry the rest ashore.

The usual mob of skinny urchins surrounded the Sixth Marine Division's officers' club in Tsingtao, but their wail was just a little different from the usual chant. Someone had tipped them off to some additional varieties of suffering; so they expanded their plea into: "No momma; no poppa; no chow-chow; no sea pay; no flight pay—Comashaw, Joe?" Then a smile spread the distance between sunken cheeks, and some of them even laughed.

Your thumb and finger could reach around the calves of their legs. The bodies of many of them were covered with sores. And surely they must have known instinctively that any night it might be their turn to crawl into their rat-hole homes along the dock and get too sick ever to crawl out again. Yet whenever they told their little joke, which they could have only partially understood, they were somehow able to laugh.

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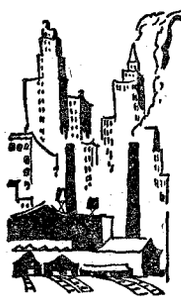

EVERYBODY'S BUSINESS

BY KEITH HUTCHISON

The British Budget

THE New York *Times*, editorializing on the British budget, praises Chancellor of the Exchequer Hugh Dalton and his colleagues for scorning "the radical, escapist budgetary theories that one finds among our own neo-economists and their followers." It continues: "Under a Conservative government or a Labor government a balanced budget is still, to the British, a symbol of financial integrity, and as such a matter of national pride." If the writer of these words had read the excellent report on the budget in the New York *Herald Tribune*, he would have come across a quotation from the Chancellor's speech, omitted in the *Times's* own dispatch, which shows that Dr. Dalton is no believer in the shibboleth of a balanced budget.

Summing up the fiscal policies of the Labor government, Dr. Dalton said: "The aim is not, as used to be thought, to balance the budget each year regardless of circumstances. . . . Each year we should consider, in the light of our financial and economic situation, the movement of prices, the level of employment, the relative danger of inflation or deflation, whether it should be a surplus or a deficit. There can be no doubt that on these terms this is a good year for a good surplus."

Dr. Dalton's approach to fiscal planning, in fact, is almost identical with that of American advocates of a "compensatory budget," and the *Times* could hardly have picked a worse witness for its side. What is more, in the current controversy over the United States budget it is the so-called radical economists who have urged the importance of achieving a surplus to be applied toward debt reduction; it is the conservative elements in Congress and elsewhere who have been calling for tax cuts even if they cause a deficit.

In Britain, as in this country, objective analysis of the total economic situation indicates the need for a revenue surplus. There, although the government has kept basic prices under firm control, many inflationary elements are present. As the recent White Paper pointed out, incomes totaling $28 billion are competing to buy goods and services priced at a total of $24 billion. The first step toward closing this gap must be to end deficit financing through the banks, and this should be one of the results of the new budget. In place of last year's actual deficit of $2,276,000,000, Dr. Dalton has provided for an estimated surplus of $1,080,000,000. It is interesting to note that this transformation has not required cuts in vital social services; it has been achieved by reducing military expenditures nearly 50 per cent.

Members of the British opposition have been quick to claim that the budget is not genuinely balanced. They point to the inclusion in revenue of "windfall" items such as proceeds from the sale of surplus war material. I cannot say how far such criticism is justified until full details of the budget reach me. It seems probable, however, that there are non-recurring expenditures which offset these non-recurring receipts. More questionable, perhaps, is the large total of "below-the-line" items—war-damage payments, excess-profits refunds, repayments of post-war tax credits, and so forth. But again it is not clear from the information at present available to what extent these liabilities are payable from previously accumulated funds. In any case, whatever borrowing may be necessary to meet them should not exceed the amounts that can be derived from genuine personal savings and therefore should not prove inflationary.

In providing for revenue Dr. Dalton has given with one hand and taken away rather more with the other. Revisions in income tax—Mr. Knutson, please note—are calculated to ease the burden on low incomes while affording but negligible relief in the upper brackets. They include increases in personal exemptions and children's allowances and a restoration of the deduction for earned incomes to the pre-war rate. Apart from the equities involved, the purpose of these changes is to provide an additional incentive to workers who have been discouraged by income-tax deductions from putting in a full week's labor.

Tax increases have been designed as antidotes to various inflationary pressures. A steep rise in the purchase (sales) tax on such goods as heaters and cooking stoves is intended to moderate the rush for electrical equipment which helped to overload the power stations during the winter coal crisis. A new 10 per cent tax on bonus shares and a 100 per cent increase in the stamp duties levied on stock certificates and other financial instruments are expected to curb speculation. An increase in the distributed-profits tax from 5 to 12½ per cent shows that the Chancellor was not fooling last year when he warned corporations to use their increased profits to improve and expand capital equipment. Many of them have ignored this warning and have been paying lavish dividends. Hence this new tax, which is justified by Britain's need to recoup war losses by reinvesting a more than normal proportion of its income.

The most spectacular and controversial item in the British budget is the 50 per cent increase in tobacco duty, which means that popular-brand cigarettes have risen from 47 cents for twenty to 67 cents. This staggering burden on smokers is being imposed to save dollars rather than to raise revenue. As Dr. Dalton explained, current British expenditure on American tobacco is absorbing nearly all the dollars which the country earns by selling goods to Americans. Consequently, should British smokers go on strike, as some of them threaten, nobody would be better pleased than the Chancellor, for while his surplus might be diminished, his anxiety about the rapid exhaustion of the American loan would be somewhat relieved.

The need for economizing dollars is generally understood in Britain, but this increase in the tobacco tax is being attacked in some quarters on the ground that the same objective could have been achieved more fairly by rationing. There is force in this criticism, but the British government probably decided that the mechanics of tobacco rationing were unduly complicated and that the necessity of issuing cards to all adults, whether smokers or non-smokers, would lead to a big black market in coupons.

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IN ONE EAR

BY LOU FRANKEL

ONE of the favorite whipping boys of the radio critic has for years been the programs for children. With public attention now focused on juvenile delinquency—its causes, effects, and possible preventives—radio's kid programs are again getting the strap.

Juvenile delinquency stems of course from an unsound home life and numerous other social factors that have thrown a child off his moral balance long before he ever listened to a radio program, but its manifestations are undoubtedly influenced by radio. Most kid programs are blood-and-thunder shockers. In addition to these the youngsters listen to detective dramas, ostensibly designed for adult ears, which can easily leave them with a perverted sense of moral values. Admittedly, one solution would be stricter parental supervision of a child's listening. Another would be for the broadcasters to raise the level of adult programs. But radio is not certain that its audience wants this, and until it is convinced, no change can be anticipated.

However, the continued complaints about children's programs have induced NBC and CBS to get rid of chiller-diller juveniles. Unfortunately American and Mutual have kept them, and NBC and CBS are going in for pulp-drama serials, the so-called soap operas, which are but a short step above the kid shows. As a result children get the dubious excitement of pulp-written violence and teen-agers the just as dubious excitement of pulp-written romance.

The American and Mutual networks together provide nine "violence" serials a day. In plot they vary but slightly. All of them attract listeners with a theme that is straight blood, thunder, and terror. As *Variety* said recently, "These serials make up a carnival of sluggings, muggings, shootings, murders, and tortures—a veritable paradise for sadists. In each quarter-hour episode the violence mounts from a high-starting plateau to a towering climactic peak where the dialer is left hanging until he's rescued the following day 'in another exciting chapter in the so-and-so at the same time, same station.'"

Just as at a murder trial the defense can produce "experts" to offset the testimony of the prosecution "experts," so in the controversy over these programs both sides produce psychiatric opinion in support of their views. One group says the killer-laden shows of radio give youngsters the same emotional release that the stories of Robert Louis Stevenson and Mark Twain gave their parents. Other experts insist that radio's kid programs are not only far below the level of the children's classics of literature but through their serialized presentation create an unappeased appetite for violence.

What makes these programs all the worse is that American and Mutual air their "violence" serials at the same time and therefore try to outdo each other by piling horror on horror in order to get the audience. Through every program runs the familiar cops-and-robbers theme. When Buck Rogers is fighting pirates in the inter-planetary spaces, Dick Tracy is doing much the same thing on a steamship. One may use scientific mumbo-jumbo, the other a straight blood-and-thunder approach. Hop Harrigan battles enemy agents and espionage in Darkest Africa while Terry and the Pirates are similarly active in China. And so on down the line. All are larded with such juicy nightmare-makers as giant man-eating ants, fixed prize fights, crocodile men, and assorted tortures. Superman, much lauded for preaching tolerance, dispenses some of the most abusive language and worst brutality. Invariably the hero is a run-of-the-mill individual with rough edges, a heart of gold, and plenty of strength and staying power. The villain is sophisticated, educated, and speaks precisely and fluently. How this determines a child's attitudes requires no expert to interpret.

That the networks know how to provide better programs is evident if one listens to Adventure Parade, a sustaining program used by Mutual as bait for its "violence" strips, which are all sponsored. Adventure Parade translates the classics of literature into serials, completing one novel each week. The production uses none of the high-power sound effects of the killer programs but relies on deft narration and performance. Unfortunately Adventure Parade, when it came on just before Buck Rogers, had the lowest rating of any program in either Mutual's or American's skein of juvenile shows. Now that Adventure Parade has taken the Rogers spot, it will be interesting to see how it stands up.

It should be noted that this same rating anemia afflicts Columbia's American School of the Air, a most intelligent educational program heard for a half-hour at 5 p.m., E. S. T.

Another "good" program on CBS is the eminently successful Let's Pretend, which dramatizes fairy tales each Saturday morning. NBC presents a well-done half-hour dramatization of a Frank Merriwell story at 10 a. m. on Saturdays, followed by thirty minutes of Archie Andrews, a teen-age version of the Aldrich Family. Beyond this, there are a number of good programs on local stations, but by and large they are exceptions.

The reason for this condition is no secret. American radio is a highly competitive commercial enterprise. The local stations cannot afford to compete with the networks—again with a few exceptions. And the networks themselves have profit-and-loss statements to consider. As long as the children continue to buy comic books by the million each week, as long as newspapers run comic strips, and as long as the kids prefer this kind of radio show to less exciting programs, these much-criticized juveniles will remain on the air.

One hopes that all four networks will finally do what only two have done thus far. The stronger the listener pressure the sooner they will do it. Meanwhile, remember that it took the movies a long time to drop their "cliff-hanger" serials. When I was a kid, the Fu-Manchu serial was a must at the neighborhood nickelodeon on Saturday afternoons.

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BOOKS *and the* ARTS

SOME NOTES ON D. H. LAWRENCE

BY W. H. AUDEN

THERE is one characteristic of D. H. Lawrence which can never fail to delight the reader, namely, the enormous pleasure he took in writing. Superficially the voice may be strident, hectoring, even, in his deplorable letters (as dreadful as Rilke's), self-pitying, but *au fond*—what wonderful high spirits! How can the class take their wigging quite seriously when teacher is having such fun giving it?

THE WOULD-BE young writer of my generation in Europe grew up under the aesthetic shadow of nineteenth-century France. The serious writer was a solitary *esprit;* writing was an extremely difficult and exhausting sacred task; between the artist's working life and his personal life there could never be anything but antagonism. To encounter a writer who wrote as naturally as he breathed or slept was for us therefore a great liberation. For what the young writer needs is the child's shamelessness and frivolity which is not afraid of making a fool of itself nor asks if its play is important so long as it is having a good time, and we were aesthetically too prudish for our age, so afraid of writing badly or trivially that we were in danger of losing the self-confidence to write at all. Once, of course, the young man has won the battle with his laziness and his fears, and learned to work easily and happily, the questions of the importance and truth of what he writes have to be raised, and their restraining hands should grow stronger as he matures. Lawrence will not be much help to him then, but so long as there are earnest aesthetic young prigs in the world, few can give them the shaking they need better than he.

NEARLY EVERY important writer brings to consciousness some field of human experience of which before his time men were scarcely aware but which henceforth they can never forget; even if the writer himself ceases to be read he has effected a historical change in human sensibilities.

When we try to read a person's character, not from his words, not even from his face, but from the shape and movement of his body, we are doing something which Lawrence taught us to do. If we can no longer watch, say, a tennis match as if it were merely a simple contest of skill and wits but are immediately on the look-out for obscure and violent passions behind the sport, Lawrence is largely responsible for our loss of naivete.

THERE ARE four things which Lawrence does supremely well: writing about non-human nature, writing as a stranger about places and people he sees for the first time, criticizing books, and describing states of irrational hostility between man and man or man and woman.

IN MY OPINION, the poems in "Birds, Beasts, and Flowers" are Lawrence's greatest achievement. To begin with, they are of great technical interest: so far as I know, Lawrence is the only poet on whom Whitman has had a fruitful influence; his free verse is quite new, but without Whitman it could not have been written. Then, whenever he writes about animals or plants, the anger and frustration which too often intrude in his descriptions of human beings vanish, *agape* takes their place, and the joy of vision is equal to the joy in writing. To Wordsworth the creatures are symbols of great mysterious powers; to the naturalist, examples of a beautiful or interesting species to be observed objectively; Lawrence, on the other hand, loves them neither as numinous symbols nor as aesthetic objects but as neighbors. To a fig tree or a tortoise he gives that passionate personal attention usually offered by lonely or shy people, or by children, invalids, prisoners, and the like; the others are too busy, too accustomed to having their own way. (The forerunner of these poems is Christopher Smart's description of his cat Jeffrey in "Jubilate Agno," which he wrote in an asylum.)

ALL THE travel books—"Twilight in Italy," "Sea and Sardinia," and so on—are excellent. Here again Lawrence has the intensity of the lonely man looking in at a life which is not his and trying to guess what it is really like. In a way he would like to be invited to join in, but in his heart of hearts he knows that would be a fatal disappointment.

LAWRENCE'S literary criticism—"Studies in Classical American Literature," the essay on "Galsworthy," the reviews of novels—are wonderful in a very odd way. The only work I know which resembles them is Nietzsche's "The Case of Wagner." He is often quite dotty, he does not make the faintest pretense at being objective, but he is so passionately interested in the work he is talking about and so little interested in his reputation as a critic that even when he is violently and quite unfairly attacking an author, he makes him sound far more exciting and worth reading than most critics make one sound whom they are professing to praise. I shall never forget my disappointment when, having just finished Lawrence's essay on him, I rushed off to read the novels of Fenimore Cooper.

LIKE BLAKE, Lawrence was interested, not in "individuals," but in "states." In writing about nature or about strangers this does not matter, as these are only experienced as states of being, but it is a serious drawback in writing fiction which cannot avoid the individual and his relations to other individuals over a stretch of time. Lawrence is never at ease when the time is a long one, so that none of his long novels quite succeeds because we get bored with the lack of a character to bind the states together and

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give them uniqueness. With his Righteous Man and his Righteous Woman he flops utterly. Mellors is as intolerable as Uncle Tom.

LAWRENCE is now neglected as an artist because his *kerygma* no longer seems good news; yet the situation from which he tried to save us is too little changed and too desperate for us to read him as a classic whose theories, like Dante's views of the relation between pope and emperor, belong to history. A sick patient cannot take a detached view of the bedside manners of a doctor who has failed to cure him.

LAWRENCE is best regarded as a Christian heretic. Like Nietzsche and unlike Goethe, who was simply unchristian, Lawrence was obsessed with Christianity, and it seems as inevitable that his last finished work should have been "The Man Who Died" as that Nietzsche should have ended by signing himself The Crucified. (Goethe thought the Cross in such bad taste.)

HERESIES usually go in pairs. A half-truth which becomes a lie by claiming to express the whole dogma provokes the opposite half-truth to a similar excess. Further, at any particular period it is usually one particular dogma that is most liable to heretical distortion. In the fourth and seventeenth centuries, for example, the main issue was nature and grace—that is, men were concerned with the First Person of the Trinity. The characteristic debate of the twentieth century as of the second is over Christology.

It is not the relation of free will to determinism but of the Word to the flesh, the universal to the individual, the eternal to the historical, which seems to our generation the real problem involving our liberty and happiness.

LAWRENCE'S life and work was a violent crusade against the liberal bourgeois perversion of Christianity according to which:

1. The mind is spiritual. The body is base.

2. White-collar work is respectable. Manual labor is "low."

3. True love between the sexes is the marriage of two minds. The physical relation between their bodies is an unfortunate necessity, a rather ugly greed justifiable only as a means to begetting children.

4. The flesh cannot be redeemed. It can only be kept quiet by repression or indulgence while the mind pursues its salvation.

5. Utopia will be a society in which, thanks to the progress of science, the production of goods has become so ample and so automatic that the flesh has ceased to be a problem. There will be no need of a coercive authority, and every citizen will be able to devote his whole time to contemplation and culture.

In so far as these attitudes claim to be Christian, they imply a Gnostic conception of the Incarnation. The Word was not mere historical flesh but briefly appeared in borrowed flesh to teach men, not how to redeem their flesh and their time, but how to redeem their minds from flesh and time.

In reaction Lawrence preached the opposite:

1. The body is good. The mind is corrupt.

2. Nearly all intellectual and white-collar work is mechanical and sterile. Manual labor when it is really manual and not just machine-minding is free and creative.

3. True love between the sexes is a creation of the Dark God, the physical sympathy of two bodies. Spiritual intimacy is always hostile to this.

4. The instinctive flesh must redeem the corrupt mind.

5. Salvation for society is probably impossible, but if it should come to pass, it will be through the authority of an instinctive genius.

This is the same gnosticism stood on its head. The Word is not made flesh for the true Word *is* the flesh. Lawrence's Christ is the pre-Adamic hero who rescues Adam and Eve from their bondage in the White Devil of mechanical reason and reflective consciousness.

LAWRENCE is right in attacking the intellectual who forgets that all genuine thinking has its roots in passion, but the cure he suggests, to retreat from desire to passion, is dangerously wrong. It is not accidental that "The Plumed Serpent" should emit such an unpleasant whiff of fascism, for fascism gives the same answer to the same Cartesian errors, only on a mass scale instead of a personal one. Accordingly it makes political passion supreme and dismisses personal feeling as cavalierly as Lawrence did the reverse.

AS AGAINST a mechanical history of the spirit which ignores man as a natural creature and rushes him helplessly, blindly forward, Lawrence is right in reasserting natural time with its recurrent rhythms, but in so far as he makes natural time the only real time his attitude toward human history and social life remains purely negative, and the only people who are in a position to lead, even approximately, the life of which he approves are *rentiers* or artists or gipsies with passports. For his opponents time is an abstract concept of history in which there is no real present; for Lawrence time is a succession of passionate present moments for which past and future have no meaning.

"SEX ISN'T SIN . . . until the dirty mind pokes in." Exactly. And for that reason it is impossible to preach about purity, for to say "you mustn't think about sex" has the same effect as saying "you may think about anything you like except elephants." By its very nature art is an act of making experience conscious, which means that it cannot and must not try to deal with any experience which is "existential," that is, is falsified by reflection. "Lady Chatterley's Lover" is, unfortunately, as pornographic as "Fanny Hill." It is of necessity as indecent as, at the other end of the psycho-somatic scale, must be all attempts to describe the Beatific Vision.

AS FAR AS one can judge, Lawrence was by temperament monogamous. The average man is not, and on him the effect of reading Lawrence has been, only too often, to send him (or her) off in a search for the perfect sleeping partner who, according to the doctrine, is most likely to be found among "primitive" or working-class types, one, in fact, who is, outside of the bed, an awful bore. By always presenting the "white" spiritual love and the love of the "Dark" God as irreconcilable enemies, Lawrence has encouraged people in fact —though not of course in intention—to divide their lives between "white" relations and "dark." This is to deny the possibility of a happy marriage, for,

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however difficult to achieve, marriage is by definition a reconciliation of the two.

FOR A COMPLETE life a man requires six kinds of love—for his wife, for his children, for his friends, for his neighbors, for his work, and for God. In our time the secularization of belief, the mechanization of work, the atomization of society, birth control, and so on tend to deprive him of all but the first. If the average man today is obsessed with sex, it is partly because it seems to him the only sphere in which he is a free agent, in which his failures and his triumphs are really his; hence if he fails here, he has achieved nothing with his life. Lawrence was luckier than the majority because he had a second love, his work, but to judge from his books, even two loves are not enough, or, rather, it is too much of a strain on them to carry all the emotion due to the others.

LAWRENCE'S answers do not mean much to us any more; his questions still disturb a good deal. His genuine visions of plants, of animals, of certain passionate states will be treasured even if and when all his questions and ours, being truly answered, have ceased to vex.

TO PRODUCE a one-volume edition of D. H. Lawrence* which will satisfy anyone familiar with his work is—and Mrs. Trilling would be the first to admit this—impossible. If I, for example, would have omitted any selection from the long novels like "Women in Love" in order to include one of the novellae like "The Virgin and the Gypsy" or "St. Mawr," or the introduction to Maurice Magnus's "Memoirs of the Foreign Legion" (to me, the best piece of prose Lawrence ever wrote), if I would have left out the letters and put more poems in, this is only a personal preference for one kind of deficiency to another. Meanwhile several of my favorites—"Two Tickets Please," "Lovely Lady," the description of the mountain crosses on the route from Bavaria to Italy—are here, and any reader who is acquainted with the rich variety of Lawrence's work will know that a selection which manages to include more than one of his favorites is a surprising achievement.

Admirable in conception and execution as the Viking Portables are, their existence and success cast a disquieting reflection on the publishing and reading habits of our age. If an author is of real importance, all his books should be read, the minor works as well as the masterpieces, the failures as well as the successes; and the author of importance is, more often than not, prolific.

Even in the case of a minor writer, say Ronald Firbank, the reader who has a taste for his work would rather read all of it than read one line of some master, say Corneille, who does not appeal to him. But with the increase in the costs and hazards of publishing and the growing reluctance of the public to read anything that is not specifically recommended to them by critics and advertisements, it becomes rarer and rarer to find the complete works of any writer in print. One cannot blame the ordinary publisher for this, but it would be nice if the university presses would take upon themselves the important unprofitable duty of issuing definitive editions of the dead.

* "The Portable D. H. Lawrence." Edited and with an Introduction by Diana Trilling. The Viking Press. $2.

The Russian Neuroses

WHY THEY BEHAVE LIKE RUSSIANS. By John Fischer. Harper and Brothers. $2.75.

THE three articles on Russia which John Fischer contributed to *Harper's Magazine* last fall impressed me at the time as a good mixture of colorful reporting and judicious analysis. But expanded into a book his travelogue seems a trifle thin even with the addition of two well-considered chapters on the cause and cure of strained Soviet-American relations. In his guided tour of the Russian labyrinth Mr. Fischer is so intent on shielding his readers from boredom—which he certainly succeeds in doing—that he sometimes hustles them too quickly from one point of interest to another. I could wish, for instance, that he had gone a little more deeply into the growth of a privileged class in Russia and its implications; or that he had expanded the paragraph in which he suggests that many Russian phenomena are the fruits not of communism but of a belated and overaccelerated industrial revolution.

However, this book, though slight, is not, I think, misleading, inaccurate, or "harmful to good relations with the Soviet Union." These are the grounds on which it has been criticized by Marshall MacDuffie, chief of the UNRRA mission with which Mr. Fischer visited the Ukraine last spring. His strictures will be shared by those who resent any writing about Russia which is not well larded with adulatory adjectives. On the other hand, the more extreme Russophobes may feel that the book gives the devil altogether too much of his due. My own view, which I think will be shared by readers who approach the Russian problem rationally rather than emotionally, is that Mr. Fischer has written as objectively as a sincere Western democrat could be expected to do.

He himself says in his preface that his purpose is neither to defend nor to attack the Soviet system but "to estimate how that system is likely to behave under the pressure of a new and unstable balance of power." As he sees it, current Russian policies may be motivated either by genuine fear of attack by the West or by long-range plans for achieving world domination. He leans to the first theory, but since there is no conclusive proof either way, he thinks that America should "adopt a working hypothesis that will cover both possibilities." That would require a program designed to persuade the Kremlin (a) that we are not threatening Russia's security or way of life, (b) that we are determined to block aggressive Soviet expansion.

In his analysis of the Soviet neurosis Mr. Fischer finds two elements. Russians, a long-suffering and much invaded people with a wide-open western frontier, have always been suspicious of foreigners and fearful of attack. These historically and geographically conditioned fears have been inflamed by others originating in Marxist theory. Every good Communist believes that the contradictions of capitalism in America will produce in the not very distant future a violent economic crisis. This will lead in turn to political upheaval and the emergence of American fascism, which will seek to consolidate its power by imperialist adventures.

To cure this phobia, Mr. Fischer suggests, we have to prove that "the Western nations are capable of developing a democratically controlled economy which will neither bog down in periodic depressions nor explode into

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war." This achievement is equally necessary if the Soviets are really planning to overrun the world. For to defend ourselves against such an onslaught we must maintain the industrial strength which is the basic source of American power. "From a strictly military viewpoint," Mr. Fischer observes, "we cannot afford another depression." Moreover, another prolonged slump here would be catastrophic for our potential allies and would probably cause a collapse of democracy throughout the world. It follows, therefore, that "the measures which are best calculated to cure Russia's fear neurosis and bring her around to eventual cooperation with the West also are the very measures necessary to resist Soviet expansion during the intervening period of tension and uncertainty."

Mr. Fischer's prescription is undoubtedly a sound one, but I am not very hopeful that it will appeal to the political witch-doctors who are now so influential in Washington. As a nation we don't seem to be making much headway in disentangling ourselves from the contradictions of capitalism. For their part, the Russians appear to be deeply enmeshed in the parallel contradictions of communism, as this volume shows. In both worlds internal pressures of the kind that find an eventual outlet in external adventures are accumulating. Thus even the very restrained optimism of Mr. Fischer's conclusion, that within a generation an uneasy truce may be converted into real peace, has an air of wishful thinking.

KEITH HUTCHISON

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Dangerous Radical

HANNAH MORE AND HER CIRCLE. By Mary Alden Hopkins. Longmans, Green and Company. $3.50.

IF LYTTON STRACHEY had ever written an "Eminent Georgians," Hannah More would almost certainly have been one of his subjects. She was energetic enough to be entertaining, she complacently exhibited all those traits of her time which now seem quaintly absurd, and she fell short of real greatness by just far enough to avoid shaming the mocker. Miss Hopkins's conscientious and pleasant biography is only at moments Stracheyesque, but it does strike a nice balance between genuine affection for a "good woman" and amused wonder at the limitations which seem so much more obvious to us than they did to her contemporaries.

Like Fanny Burney and Mrs. Thrale —neither of whom, by the way, she seems particularly to have cared for— Hannah More began as a pert young thing who preferred the attentions of older men to those of contemporary beaux and who was capable of amusing the former by playing at being a wit, at least as successfully as a dog walks on its hind legs. David Garrick was her special patron, as Dr. Johnson was that of the other two ladies, and like those ladies, she survived into a generation to which the members of the Club were only a legend. Rather more successfully than the other two, however, she managed to go ahead on her own steam. The bluestocking who had even risen to the height of writing a performed tragedy and having a poem printed at Strawberry Hill became the founder of Sunday Schools and the eager, priggish composer of improving pamphlets for the poor which set the tone of that sort of writing for at least three-quarters of a century.

Mrs. Thrale, though a charitable woman herself, could never forgive Dr. Johnson the fact that he not only pitied the poor but seemed actually to have a sort of fellow-feeling for them and would not consider them a separate race of creatures. This was an error of which Hannah More was never guilty. The older she grew, the more methodistical was her disapproval of the pomps and vanities of this wicked world, including the theater, for which she had once written and of which her best friend had been a great ornament. To some extent Garrick's influence was replaced by that of the Reverend John Newton, the reformed though still terrifying ex-slave-trader who is sometimes credited with having helped scare William Cowper out of his wits. But she never supposed that the lower classes should be given anything not appropriate to their station and merely differed from other respectable people in believing that an ability to read the Bible was not inappropriate. It is true, of course, that she would probably never have got as far as she did get had she been any more advanced than she was—and she was widely regarded as a dangerous radical—but it is not to be supposed that what seems to us her conservatism was by any means merely a matter of tactics. "She acquiesced," Miss Hopkins says, "in the prevailing middle- and upper-class view that rigid social distinction was God's own benevolent plan and that it was therefore wrong for the poor to try to raise themselves to higher economic or social levels by means of workers' unions or by efforts to change laws which bore harshly upon them."

At her first Sunday Schools children were taught to read the Bible, and only the most gifted learned to write. But they were also given annual presents of clothes, provided with a gingerbread treat every six or eight weeks, and in deference to the prevailing parental opinion that children should not be expected to go through the labor of learning without being paid, given a penny for each four successive Sundays of attendance. She bore patiently with the fact that the poor were not always as grateful as they should have been, and even if it is true, as Miss Hopkins says, that her writings betray the widespread anxiety that the laboring class might get out of hand and that it was part of her plan to make laborers "physically comfortable by showing them how to utilize what they had, and submissive by teaching them that joy in heaven was recompense for deprivation on earth," there is no reason for supposing that there was anything sly or consciously hypocritical in her plans. A woman who could comment admiringly on the fact that at Mr. Garrick's table she had never

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met a member of his own profession was not one to whom all ironies were patent.

If Miss Hopkins's book has a serious fault, it is that the author is in some ways almost too modest. She can on occasion turn a very neat phrase, and it seems a pity that she is less anxious to cultivate this talent than to aim at a sometimes academic sobriety. In any event, however, the selected facts are here on the basis of which opposing theorists can draw their own conclusions. There is no doubt that Miss More did much to "improve the condition of the poor," and if, to the radical, she will seem typical of those liberals whose humanitarianism is merely a desire to protect their own privileges, the more detached observer will remark that, as is so often the case, her reforms went a good deal farther than she ever intended. "Though the leaders designed the instruction to teach the working class to be obedient to their betters, it is not clear that this was the result. Children who could read the Bible could later read Tom Paine and Wilkes, and many did." Indeed, your real conservative may reach the conclusion that conservatives have been right all along and that Hannah's Sunday Schools should have been nipped in the bud. Maybe the Bolshevik menace really began when farm children were taught to read the Scriptures. JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

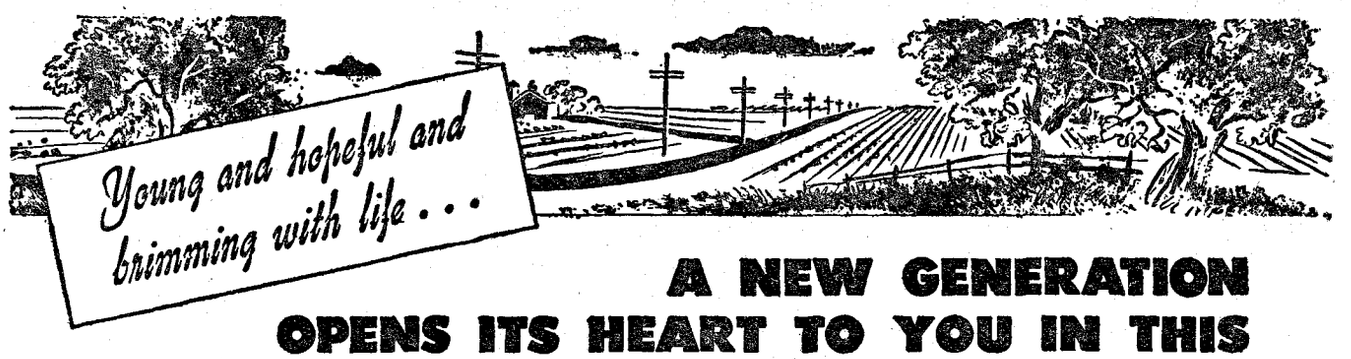
France's Dark Night

THE REPUBLIC OF SILENCE. Compiled and Edited by A. J. Liebling. Translated by Ramon Guthrie. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $4.

THREE SHORT NOVELS. By Vercors. Little, Brown and Company. $2.

MOVED by a strong sentimental attachment for France and an intense dislike for the old French textbooks drawn from Alphonse Daudet's stories, A. J. Liebling came back from the war to make a living text based on recent French history. He had the help of Eugene J. Sheffer of Columbia, and the lively book they produced, full of extracts from French underground publications, has already had a deservedly successful career in high schools and colleges. Now the book appears in a trade edition with the French passages by Vercors, Pozner, Decour, Kessel, and so on translated by a Dartmouth professor as no college student could do. What this will do for the class edition can only be guessed.

The best writings to have come out of France's dark night are already widely known, but we are grateful to Mr. Liebling for preserving often unsigned bits from the resistance press that record the heroic day-to-day struggle of the unions, the peasants, and the professions against the heartless, stupid invader. The whole story is here, from the fall of France to the liberation, with its hostages, executions, reprisals, tortures, and mass atrocities. Intended as an appendix to history rather than a literary anthology, this book constitutes excellent reporting. In Africa, in London, in Normandy A. J. Liebling had his eyes open for the significant page in a mimeographed or badly printed clandestine newssheet as well as for the telling incident and picturesque detail. The latter he has incorporated into his own running commentary, written in the style now so familiar in the pages of the *New Yorker,* bristling with irreverence and irrelevance, always colorful and memorable.



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Show Me the Way

by LESLIE WALLER

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Such a record ought to shake our complacency. When it comes to literature, however, only a few of the names cited by Mr. Liebling deserve to survive. High among those stands that of Vercors, the name of the high plateau above Grenoble which the artist Jean Bruller prophetically borrowed long before it became synonymous with one of the bravest *maquis* and one of the most desperate battles of the war. By now everyone knows the story of how Vercors, who had not before written for publication, was moved by indignation to compose a subtle masterpiece entitled "The Silence of the Sea" and then to found a clandestine publishing house to print it in late 1942. It was this little tale, variously attributed under its pseudonym to all the great writers of France, that launched the clandestine literature that was to flow from several secret presses—but chiefly from Vercors's Midnight Editions—until we entered Paris. But many Americans do not yet know that Vercors has preserved his new identity and gone on writing

Probably no other French writer was more deeply marked than Vercors by the occupation years which revealed him to himself. All his writings to date are concerned with the psychology of the underground worker and the political prisoner. Like most of the existentialist writers, he is tormented by problems of liberty, responsibility, and commitment. But there the resemblance ends, for Vercors has a more vivid sense of character and dramatization than they.

The heartbreaking tales contained in his "Three Short Novels"—at least one of which originally appeared in clandestinity as he and his friends would say—are typical. The first one, 'Guiding Star," is the now famous "Marche à l'étoile," in which the star, symbolic of the faith and hope that draws a Moravian Jew across Europe to the land of liberty, is eventually sewed on Thomas Muritz's sleeve in yellow before his arrest as a hostage. It is characteristic of Vercors that the murder of that man's faith strikes us as more horrible than his actual execution. Similarly in the second tale—which has recently been reissued in France with the addition of a few sentences to attenuate the final despair and a new title that would translate as "The Weapons of Night"—the real horror lies less in any single act than in the systematic slaughter of a man's soul in a concentration camp. For cumulative effect it might have been preferable to publish this tale last, after "The Verdun Press," whose impact is somewhat less intense. But in each of these three gems of narration the simple, direct language coupled with the subtle technique and the sustained suspense reminds one of Maupassant at his best.

JUSTIN O'BRIEN

Hindus on the Czechs

THE BRIGHT PASSAGE. By Maurice Hindus. Doubleday and Company. $3.

IN THE days of Czechoslovakia's greatest debasement, during and after the Munich crisis, Maurice Hindus was my hotel neighbor in Prague. No one in the United States understands the Slav soul as Hindus does, and in those fateful days his emotional but absolutely honest spirit suffered with and for the Czechs. Since then he has spent nine years in conscientious search and research into the Czech problem. The results are set forth in "The Bright Passage," which contains an answer to the question why Communist-ruled Czechoslovakia has taken a course different from that of Communist Russia.

"Czechoslovakia is both paradox and hope," writes Hindus. "It is paradox because history . . . conspired to make [it the] supreme testing ground for the massive struggle of ideas which has long been moving mankind. It is hope because its people may meet the test. If they do, they will achieve reconciliation between the Western ideas of individual liberty and the newer ideas of collective effort and individual security which Russia has been championing."

But Hindus adds a sober qualification: "Not that the Czechs are actuated by a messianic complex and are spilling over with fervor to rescue mankind from the dilemmas in which it is enmeshed. They are too prosaic and too hard-boiled a people to cherish any illusions of grandeur or to imagine themselves savior of anybody but themselves."

Throughout the book Hindus, with his tremendous knowledge of the Slavs and his feeling for them, shows clearly the difference between Russians and Czechs. "In appraising the meaning and scope of the Czech revolution," he writes, "it is well to emphasize the differences in the history, in the culture, in the temperament of the Russian and Czech peasantry." And certainly he is at his best when he is describing the Czech or the Slovak village. Maurice Hindus is himself a child of the soil. His picture of the Czech peasant in "The Bright Passage" is as authentic as his picture of the Russian peasant in "Humanity Uprooted." "To ignore the differences [between Russian and Czech peasants] would falsify the event, especially in these turbulent times when the very word revolution conjures forth in so many a reader the picture of all the worst that has happened in Russia since the advent of Sovietism, and impels him to associate with it any and all revolutionary situations in other countries."

The book contains a store of information about post-war Czechoslovakia. There is an interesting, though somewhat confused, chapter about the important Bata shoe works in Zlin, once the counterpart in Europe of a Ford enterprise, today a nationalized factory; a vivid thumbnail sketch of the Gestapo monster who freely described Nazi cruelties; a picture of a village priest who participated in the underground and in whose rooms the many pictures of the Madonna and the saints share a place with photographs of Masaryk, Benes—and Stalin.

Hindus takes us to a remote Moravian village to acquaint us with Czechoslovakia's great recluse poet, Peter Zezruc; another excellent passage describes Jaromir Vejvoda, composer of the famous war-time song, "Roll Out the Barrel." Powerful, and typical of Hindus, is the description of the ancient city of Tabor, from which the Hussite leaders began their crusade.

More the poet than the journalist, Hindus is less successful when he tries to analyze the roots of the present revolution in Europe and Czechoslovakia or to explain the new economic order. He quotes copiously from the speeches and writings of Czech Communist leaders without seeming to realize that Communist words and action are not always congruous. His zeal sometimes carries him too far, but his book catches the Czech atmosphere very well, and it is rich in enlightening anecdotes. The writing is as genuine as the Czech soil

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itself. The book is to be recommended to all who desire to understand Czechoslovakia, its precarious position between East and West, its people, and its new republic. M. W. FODOR

Abstraction and Actuality

THE SELECTED WRITINGS OF JOHN AND JOHN QUINCY ADAMS. Edited and with an Introduction by Adrienne Koch and William Peden. Alfred A. Knopf. $4.50.

CAPITALISM, SOCIALISM, AND DEMOCRACY. By Joseph A. Schumpeter. (Second edition.) Harper and Brothers. $3.50.

ONE reason that "liberalism" carries decreasing conviction is that it has moved too far away from any foundation in actuality. The "liberal" analysis today is predominantly wishful, sentimental, rhetorical. Communism and fascism are serious in the sense that they correspond to basic human needs and tensions; but the gap has widened steadily between the sentimental abstractions of liberalism and the savage complexities of life. The facts included in any current liberal theory are usually so carefully selected that the concrete situation, which very likely turns on a set of facts rejected by the canon, may well fly off in the opposite direction. Nor has the liberal addiction to wishful formulas been much impaired by the regular collapse of these formulas before the importunities of history.

The susceptibility to wishfulness comes basically, no doubt, from the view of man as a creature of reason and benevolence whose shortcomings will be redeemed by the inevitabilities of progress. There is, however, a contributing cause for liberal sentimentality and one especially important in the United States: that is, it is the reflex of the sentimentality of conservatism. As an expression of protest, liberalism can hardly escape the imprint of the philosophy it attacks. Where that philosophy is intelligent, vigorous, and detailed, the reaction against it is likely to be intelligent, vigorous, and detailed too. But American conservatism has been an intellectual failure. In failing, it has dragged American liberalism down with it.

The admirable volume of "The Selected Writings of John and John Quincy Adams," edited by Adrienne Koch and William Peden, is a sharp reminder that conservatism in this country had honest and sturdy beginnings. The Federalists were men of intellectual force and candor. Their ideas were founded solidly on a realistic picture of social conflicts, and they did not shrink from following out the implications of these ideas. Alexander Hamilton, Fisher Ames, John Adams had a sinewy and robust political philosophy, whose abstractions corresponded to actuality a good deal more than they falsified it.

The serious opponents of Federalism were compelled to meet Federalist standards of intelligence and honesty. John Adams's shrewd and testy "Defense of the Constitutions . . . of the United States" thus provoked John Taylor of Caroline's brilliant reply in his "Inquiry into the Principles and Policy of the Government of the United States," which in turn provoked Adams's series of letters to Taylor. Political controversy has never been at a higher level in this country. One shudders to think what Jefferson's writing would have been like if the unrelenting realism of the Hamiltonians had not constrained him from indulging his vast weakness for rhetoric and sentimentality. He would have been indistinguishable from Henry Wallace.

The Koch-Peden introduction sets forth with ability and sympathy the elder Adams's staunch conservatism and the far-ranging and courageous vision of the son. The pity is that this original tough-mindedness soon confronted American conservatives with a dilemma that resulted in intellectual disaster. If they accepted a class theory of society, they had to accept the possibility that this theory might have radical as well as conservative implications. The triumph of other classes during Jackson's Presidency thus terrified them into dropping the whole theory of class conflict. From that period arose the miscellany of conciliatory slogans under which the American business community has ever since concealed its ideas—or, rather, its confusion—about the nature of American politics.

It probably does credit to American liberals that they have not fallen so low as their opponents. It is easier to

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forgive Wallace, for example, when you realize that his main antagonist is not Hamilton but someone like Herbert Hoover or John Foster Dulles. In recent years, indeed, the intellectual stocks of the business community have been so watered that American conservatives have depended increasingly on imported talent, like Hayek and von Mises, to write their vindications.

Professor Schumpeter's "Capitalism, Socialism, and Democracy" will not, alas, restore wisdom on the right. Because it is the work of a complicated mind operating on a wide range of facts it fits into no obvious political category; and because it fits into no obvious political category, it has not stimulated the National Association of Manufacturers into distributing fifty thousand copies. It burst into the generally sterile atmosphere of political discussion like a collection of firecrackers and skyrockets. Liberals and conservatives alike can benefit by watching the display.

Schumpeter may be described briefly as a reactionary without illusions. He has no use for folklore—of liberalism or even of capitalism. "It is quite clear," he will write, "that perfect competition has at no time been more of a reality than it is at present," which is to say very little of a reality at all; and his whole theory of capitalist development —as a process of continual change, fueled by the introduction of new goods, new methods of production, new forms of industrial organization—is a world away from the static conceptions of the official apologists, like Hazlitt or Hayek, or of the official foes. "The problem that is usually being visualized," he says, "is how capitalism administers existing structures, whereas the relevant problem is how it creates and destroys them."

Is capitalism on its way out? Schumpeter thinks it is. Not because of its failure, he writes, but because of the immensity of its success. Readers should not be distracted from his subtle analysis of the problem of capitalist survival by his weakness for paradox, by his lively internecine warfare with the Keynesians, or by his hatred of leftist rhetoric. The very success of capitalism, he argues, undermines the social institutions which protect it and creates conditions which block its working and in which it will finally not be able to live.

The great corporation, for example, socializes the bourgeois mind. It destroys the vitality in the idea of property; "the holder of the title loses the will to fight, economically, physically, politically, for 'his' factory and his control over it, to die if necessary on its steps." Soon there will be nobody left who will fight for property—"nobody within and nobody without the precincts of the big concerns." In the meantime, by virtue of the logic of its values, capitalism "creates, educates, and subsidizes a vested interest in social unrest." Capitalism thus relentlessly narrows the scope of capitalist motivation: "it will eventually kill the roots." The middle class folds up under direct attack. "The only explanation for the meekness we observe is that the bourgeois order no longer makes any sense to the bourgeoisie itself." In the end, capitalism itself tends to fulfil the technological, organizational, commercial, administrative, and psychological prerequisites of socialism.

What will replace capitalism? Like Marx, Schumpeter regards socialism as the natural heir. "Socialization," he writes, "means a stride beyond big business on the way that has been chalked out by it." Quite apart from the superiority of the Socialist blueprint, which he demonstrates by acute technical analysis, Schumpeter sees no insuperable obstacles to socialism in practice. Socialist management, he thinks, may conceivably prove as superior to big-business capitalism as big-business capitalism has been to competitive capitalism.

Will socialism be democratic? This discussion is less satisfactory, possibly because Schumpeter does not much care about democracy. He seems to feel that the electoral system may well endure as the most convenient way for dealing with the agenda that the Socialist order reserves for political decision. But he is more concerned with the need for restoring social discipline than with the need for expanding individual liberty. Indeed, one of the main conditions compelling the advance of socialism, he feels, is that it is the only way to discipline the workers and the intellectuals —groups which gained a dangerous amount of freedom under capitalism. He accordingly concludes that "there is little reason to believe that this socialism will mean the advent of the civilization of which orthodox Socialists dream. It is much more likely to present fascist features." (He does not, however, equate socialism and fascism.)

In addition to the general discussion the book contains a provocative account of Karl Marx and Marxism and a somewhat capricious historical sketch of Socialist parties. This second edition has a new chapter on the consequences of the Second World War.

Liberals should expose themselves to this important book for a number of reasons. "Capitalism, Socialism, and Democracy" is the performance of an intellectual virtuoso, brilliant, complex, perfectly controlled. Schumpeter has an architectonic sense of the flow and structure of an argument, of the panorama of logical possibilities and logical exclusions. His methodological sophistication is not the jargon-chopping of the sociologist; it goes to the heart of serious issues. Moreover, his arguments constitute a serious intellectual challenge. No one is likely to parrot again, for example, the Kilgore committee type of simplicities about cartels after studying Schumpeter on monopoly. Schumpeter is certainly not right either; but there is no percentage in dodging the uncomfortable points he raises. The intellectual rigor of his analysis sets a standard that liberal writers should try to meet.

Absence of intellectual rigor, fear of uncomfortable points have made liberals vulnerable too often in the past. In Military Intelligence the penalty for substituting wishfulness for objectivity

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is drastic and final. It is just as important in politics as in war to *know* your enemy—that is, to regard analysis as the dispassionate evaluation of enemy resources and capabilities and not the projection of your own hopes or anxieties. In the long run actuality endures: accept no substitutes. These volumes may both help in getting liberals off that diet of fantasy which has reduced their cause to its present spectral state.

ARTHUR M. SCHLESINGER, JR.

The Wallace Family

THE WALLACES OF IOWA. By Russell Lord. Houghton Mifflin Company. $5.

RUSSELL LORD'S book on the Wallace family is also a rich narrative of American agriculture over the last seventy years, a fascinating account of an era in which American farmers have struggled to make their adjustment to a swiftly growing industrialism. This is perhaps its most important contribution. It is a big book, smoothly and ably written, crowded with story and anecdote, and peopled with the men and women who have made modern American farm life: Tama Jim Wilson, David Fairchild, P. G. Holden, Gifford Pinchot, George Washington Carver, as well as those who made their impress during the New Deal.

The Middle West is the heart of American farming, and the Wallaces have had an important part in the shaping of modern agriculture. As Gifford Pinchot said, "The Wallace family is an institution." Closely knit, with strong family loyalties and principles, it has stood for agrarian reform, education, adjustment to the machine age, and scientific inquiry. As farmers, as journalists, especially through their own paper, *Wallaces' Farmer,* and as Secretaries of Agriculture, they have wielded a remarkable influence.

Thus the book is both a history and a biography in plan and intent. The assignment was a difficult one, but the author has carried it off with very real success. The Wallaces are interesting, controversial, and at times perplexing people, and the agricultural era in which they have lived has needed sorely this vivid personalized treatment.

The story begins with the first Henry Wallace. In some ways the portrait of "Uncle Henry," as he was called by everyone, and the account of his years, which stretched from the bitter days of farm depression during the Populist movement to the golden era of agricultural prosperity just after 1900, is the most successful part of the book. Uncle Henry was apparently a lovable character, with an Irish heart and a Scotch conscience. Also Uncle Henry was a vocal Wallace, and the author contends that this characteristic appears in alternating generations. In the Iowa *Homestead* and later in *Wallaces' Farmer* he fought for fairer railroad rates, contended against the monopolies in barbed wire and farm implements, and voiced the progressive agrarian spirit of his day.

The pattern of progressivism set by Uncle Henry was followed by both his son and his grandson. But Henry C. Wallace, Secretary of Agriculture under Harding, after a successful career as a teacher at Ames and as business manager of *Wallaces' Farmer,* found the decade of the 1920's tough going for his agrarian views and political philosophy. As farmers and farm journalists the Wallaces, though otherwise good Republicans, had always questioned a rising tariff, but Harry Wallace went to Washington in an era of unprecedented farm depression—and the Hawley-Smoot tariff. The odds were definitely against him and against American farmers, and his story ends on a tragic note. He died in office in 1924.

A full half of "The Wallaces of Iowa" is devoted to Henry A. Wallace and the complex agricultural problems of the thirties. Since this section deals with more recent history, objectivity was less easy to achieve, but Mr. Lord has analyzed with care and detail and relative objectivity the whole New Deal approach to the farm problem and the part played by the Secretary of Agriculture.

The book makes it clear, among other things, that the last decade marked a new and perhaps more enlightened approach to the modern agricultural problem in America, and Mr. Lord has done a service in illuminating further the farm situation of our period. He has not told the whole story by any means, but his account tends to balance a too great concentration upon urban-industrial problems by portraying some of our deep-rooted rural and agricultural values.

P. ALSTON WARING

The author of *Moscow War Diary* and *Leningrad* writes an eye-witness chronicle of the months that transformed the U.S.S.R. into a great world power.

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The Aftermath

THE NUERNBERG CASE. By Robert H. Jackson. Alfred A. Knopf. $3.

FINAL JUDGMENT. By Victor Bernstein. Boni and Gaer. $3.50.

DEFENSE by counsel is part of a fair trial. The judgment, however, should not rest on anything but its own motivation. Therefore the defense of the Nürnberg trial by the President of the United States and a former Secretary of War confirmed rather than disproved the criticism of its legal foundations. This criticism, we are told by a distinguished attorney, "threw around a mass of legalisms, usually in Latin." The critic of the critics appears to be unaware that all law in Western civilization originates from Graeco-Roman "legalism" and fails to note that criticism of the Nürnberg procedure took exception to its disregard of such principles, for example, as that "*nullum crimen sine lege praevia*" (there is no crime without an antecedent law) and that individual guilt is the premise of criminal responsibility.

These principles have been established slowly and with difficulty over a long period of time. They have become, through the efforts of Abbé Beccaria, Voltaire, Montesquieu, Bentham, and others, the common property of the civilized sections of mankind. Their preservation is much more important than the punishment of the Nürnberg defendants.

"An honestly defensive war," we are told by Justice Jackson, "is of course legal and saves those lawfully conducting it from criminality." A precedent having been set—so the Nürnberg apologists believe—what might we expect in another war with the tables turned? The victor will certainly call the war "honestly defensive," but what kind of law and justice is it of which the existence depends on who wins a war?

Neither the "highly respected systems of jurisprudence" in Ethiopia, Haiti, Honduras, and elsewhere nor the strenuous efforts of Justice Jackson, who apparently knows Ethiopian law better than I do, suffice to meet the basic objections to what has been called the Nürnberg novelty. This book, the third to be published in defense of the trial, contains, in addition to the opening and closing statements by the United States prosecutor, some interesting excerpts from the cross-examination of Göring, Schacht, Speer, and Milch. Once more the objection to ex post facto law is rebutted by reference to the Briand-Kellogg Pact, the Geneva Protocol, the Pan-American Conference, and similar manifestations of wishful thinking. It is possible to hold individuals responsible for crimes violating the rules of international law, but nothing justifies the assumption that the individual should enjoy less protection than he does when he is prosecuted for a crime under national law.

By reference to American, English, French, and even German law on conspiracy the author attempts to establish the responsibility of the Gestapo, the S. S., and other Nazi organizations. The law on conspiracy, we are told, is "well settled and fairly uniform in all systems of law." However, the very gist of the crime of conspiracy "is liability for acts . . . abetted." This analysis somehow overlooks an essential element of crime, the consciousness of guilt, the *mens rea* —pardon me for the Latin tag. Nonactive members of a conspiracy are guilty only if they know what crimes their membership is going to facilitate. No matter what atrocious bestialities some members of these Nazi organizations committed, who would dare to assume that the many hundred thousands who joined the S. S. were not only conscious of a common plan to employ "illegal methods" or to accomplish "illegal ends" but were aware of crimes which their fellow-members committed. A society cannot commit a crime.

Our ethical ideas are diametrically opposed to Nazism, but for that very reason we must insist on the concept of guilt, which is a link connecting law with justice and morality. Starting from indiscriminate tribal revenge it took thousands of years for mankind to recognize that without consciousness of individual guilt, punishment makes no sense. Unlike "the law of the Medes and Persians which altereth not," our law does alter, but nothing can justify its relapse into its primitive stage.

Whether the relapse has indeed set a precedent is doubtful. At least the rather personalized "fundamental information" about the Nürnberg trials has by no means disproved the case against the juridical fallacies of the Nürnberg novelty.

Victor Bernstein wisely refrains from either attacking or defending the legality of the trial. Instead, he gives us a brilliantly written historical account of the Nazi revolution and its consequences. We may occasionally disagree—for example, with the assumption that the revolution of 1918 aborted in the Weimar Republic instead of a German Soviet because the Allies never gave it a chance. But the sequence of events from the invasion of Germany by the "Brown Locusts" until the "Final Judgment" is pictured accurately and convincingly.

The Nazi war, the *Todesraum*, the "twentieth-century Calvary," the brutal plundering which overshadows the exploits of Genghis Khan—all of this as it is set forth in Mr. Bernstein's compendious and fascinating narrative impresses us as the most gigantic of crimes, but though history may be metaphorically called a crime, under the impact of enormity the legal concept of crime bursts. Now that the Nürnberg criminals have been executed or jailed, we may ask, "So what?" Not only did the trial not make the punishment fit the crime because it could not, but the short newspaper reports made little impress on the American and still less on the German public. The most important political case in history, cloaked as it was in the garb of the law, failed to stand forth in its outrageous enormity. Bernstein's story masterfully makes up for this omission, and it should be read not only by every American, as Mr. Shirer suggests, but by every civilized human being who has not entirely lost his faith in the future of mankind.

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Dostoevsky's Huckleberry Finn

A RAW YOUTH. By Fyodor Dostoevsky. Introduction by Alfred Kazin. The Dial Press. $3.50.

FYODOR DOSTOEVSKY. By J. A. T. Lloyd. Charles Scribner's Sons. $3.50.

NOW that the *vérités secrètes*—André Gide's term—that were this man's most marvelous province are the only ones that will save us, and we are as befuddled about the Russians as about ourselves, and have begun to be acquainted with the idea of despair, Dostoevsky is a necessity. This was not generally true before in this country; we were perhaps not as soulless and sinless and uninteresting as Dostoevsky himself thought, but whatever the reasons, and they are various, it is a fact that there has been no major American criticism concerning him, and no leading novelist here has expressed any debt or tribute to him to put beside the studies of Gide, Thomas Mann, or Hermann Hesse. Dreiser may have been closer to him than Henry James, which only illustrates the point. But now, without entering into the perennial argument on his stature versus Tolstoy's, I believe that of all novelists Dostoevsky is the one we can least afford to do without, if only because no one else has ever made so large and genial a use of the ultimate, nightmare vocabulary that is beginning to mark our speech. It is therefore a matter of gratitude that the serious gaps both in translations of his work and in information about him easily available in English are finally being filled. One is glad to read even so unassuming a biography as this English one by J. A. T. Lloyd, which has value chiefly as a convenient reference book, and even more so, in spite of the introduction and the ugly job of printing, for the reappearance of the Constance Garnett translation of "The Raw Youth."

This novel, drawn even more than "The Brothers Karamazov," which followed it, from Dostoevsky's notes for the Life of a Great Sinner, has always been the least known of his longer works, and with cause. Its basic story is of the illegitimate youth Arkady, whose grim pursuit of an *idée fixe,* to become a Rothschild, is interrupted by his passionate and ambivalent search for, actually his need to define, his father Versilov—a theme of fine possibilities, some of which are fully realized; but unfortunately this central tension is not up to the elaborate and sometimes hectic dissipations of the plot. A few of the characters, including Katerina Ahmakov, the object of both Arkady's and his father's passion, remain sketchy, even a trifle schematic, which is the rarest of faults in Dostoevsky; the detective approach to some important elements of the story detracts from their force and clarity; and toward the end even the theme of the split personality, the "double," which better than anything else illustrates the nature of this artist's thought and which he used so powerfully elsewhere, becomes monotonous and in one scene, that of the breaking of the ikon, rather stagy. This is not the "formlessness" that is so often attributed to Dostoevsky. Mr. Lloyd is to be commended, I think, for refuting that facile charge, referring to the novelist's mode as rather "lucidity in confusion"; certainly no master of form ever worked a mass of contradictory material into a more perfectly balanced piece of writing than "The Eternal Husband." But this book does tend to pull the reader in too many directions, and it also hovers too much around the fascinating and yet strangely insufficient character of Versilov, who while seeming always a claimant for a place in the boldest reaches of Dostoevsky's thought, never quite arrives there and is finally resolved, like a poor relation of Stavrogin, in a scene of strained and unconvincing melodrama.

Mr. Kazin in his introduction to the book takes the opposite view of this point, maintaining that the true "hero" of the novel is not the youth but the father, Versilov, whom he calls "one of the subtlest creations in all Dostoevsky's works," and finds effective precisely because he is "out of life," that is, because his violently torn personality does not lead him into the violent illegalities that characterize the novelist's other great heroes. Aside from overlooking the fact that Versilov does attempt to commit murder, I believe that this argument misses Dostoevsky's essential meanings as shown in Arkady, in whom the typical themes of humiliation, the search for suffering, and even the ambivalence of all thought and feeling are so much more cruelly portrayed. Mr. Kazin's point, however, is at least more tenable than the rest of his oddly smug, shallow, and generally misleading piece of criticism, which is worth mentioning only because its clumsy sociological touch may perhaps be damaging a little-known book of serious value. The "double" in Dostoevsky, Mr. Kazin tells us, is "a degenerating citizen . . . who has been split on the anvil of materialism in the nineteenth century"—which leads one to some interesting reflections on Hamlet; and in connection with Versilov he remarks that "in his uprootedness Dostoevsky has shown again the great posi-

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tive [*sic*] side of his philosophy: his vision of men in the modern world lying like broken instruments on the ground." And so on.

That Dostoevsky's characters are rarely "broken" is of course due in part to the extraordinary buoyancy, or toughness as Mr. Lloyd rightly calls it, that he injected into them, drawing as much from himself in this as in the great intellectual adventures that he projected. It has to do also with the "positive side of his philosophy," beautifully exemplified in this book by Arkady's legal father, the peasant pilgrim Makar Ivanovich, from whom comes redemption for those who have wronged him, and who in his role of second father gives its true pattern and perspective to the father-and-son theme, of which Mr. Kazin has grasped only the most obvious, one should perhaps say the most Western, aspect. But there is another element that relates perhaps still more essentially to that great quality of *survival* that one finds everywhere in Dostoevsky, and to the greatness, for all its faults, of "The Raw Youth." That is what Gide, speaking of the novelist's almost miraculous probing of human inconsistency, called the "integral complexity" of his thought. No passion is exclusive, no character is simply what he appears, no thought—and there are passages of extreme political pertinence—fails to suggest its opposite; even a lie is not what the Anglo-Saxon mind thinks it should be. "My dear boy," Versilov says, "we must always let a man lie a little. It's quite innocent. Indeed, we may let him lie a great deal. In the first place, it will show our delicacy, and secondly, people will let us lie in return . . . two immense advantages at once. *Que diable!* One must love one's neighbor. But it's time for me to be off."

And yet Arkady, in whom all the contradictions rage, and who in his pride and humiliations stems directly from the horrors of "Notes from Underground," is also capable of the most infectious outbursts of joy and trust, and it is he who gives these farthest limits of truth-telling an appeal that is unique among Dostoevsky's works. The author's great comic gift is less in evidence here than in some of his other writings, but Arkady nevertheless, one finds oneself thinking half soberly, is Dostoevsky's Huckleberry Finn.

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Drama

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

ACCORDING to his most recent biographer, Lewis Carroll was once thrown into a dither by a request for permission to present a dramatization of "Alice in Wonderland" at a church benefit. On the one hand, he had a guilty love for the theater; on the other hand, he was quite sure that official religion should not sponsor so dubious a diversion; and on the third hand—there are probably three in Wonderland—he certainly did not want to prevent a worthy cause from raising money. The dilemma was finally solved by his giving his permission on the condition that the public should not be informed that he had given it.

The incident suggests that neurotic welter of conflict and prudery out of which "Alice" grew and also the fact that few of literature's many neurotics ever succeed so well as Lewis Carroll did in making neuroticism generate a fantasy almost continuously gay, only slightly and fleetingly touched by any suggestion of terror or distress. It provides, moreover, occasion to remark that one of the minor incidents in that reward to which we hope he has gone must be the contemplation of the dramatization of his two masterpieces which the American Repertory Theater is sponsoring at the International. His permission was not asked, but it is hard to imagine that he could do other than approve, for it is equally hard to imagine how the thing could be better done. The version is astonishingly faithful to text and spirit; Bambi Linn—she who danced in "Oklahoma" and "Carousel"—is a little girl both sprightly enough and innocent enough to satisfy even the bachelor author whose connoisseurship in the matter of little girls makes the noses of Freudians quiver whenever they think of it; and all the other members of the very large cast seem nearly perfect.

The version is said to be the same as that presented some years ago at the Civic Repertory Theater, but unless my memory deceives me the present production is considerably more elaborate, lavish, and sparkling—it must, to put it baldly, have cost a good deal more—and the money was well spent. There are delightfully fanciful back drops, some very amusing musical accompaniments, and an amazing variety of devices. Thus, for example, the little pig into which the bawling baby finally turns is a real little pig, while the Cheshire cat who appears and disappears is merely painted on a drop illuminated from behind. Eva Le Gallienne—who, by the way, has never been better—plays the White Queen in nothing more than an elaborate make-up, which matches that of Margaret Webster as the Red Queen. But the Ugly Duchess, on the other hand, gets a marvelous effect by the use of mountains of putty; the Dodo, Humpty Dumpty, and others are presented by means of delightful constructions credited to Remo Bufano, while the whole Walrus and Carpenter episode is stunningly interpreted by life-sized puppets. The result is a wonderful variety, and it prevents any hint of the monotony which the persistent use of any one device would have been sure to produce; at the same time some unity of effect is nevertheless achieved. In general the method is, of course, that of make-believe rather than illusion, and it is interesting to imagine how different the movie version once planned by Walt Disney would have been, since the movies can and do produce illusion. But it is by no means certain that in the end make-believe is not here the better method.

Being myself one of the many who tend to make something of a cult of "Alice," I was very much on the alert to discover what was lost and what was gained in theatrical translation. Wisely, perhaps, quite a little of the merely verbal is either abbreviated or eliminated, and in the process there is a real loss. But there is one aspect of "Alice," namely, the faint suggestion of dream terror, which seems to me to come over better than it ever has for me in the reading. Psychologists have commented on it, and, indeed, a few years ago one very solemn one advised parents to spare their children the distressing experience and complained especially of what he called "an ever-present threat to the integrity of the body" expressed not only in all those "off with his head" orders, but also in Alice's inability to stay the same size. Alice herself does protest fretfully about the way in which

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the beasts order her around, but I never felt so strongly before the veiled threat of the fantastic creatures who surround her or the faint, uneasy suspicion that anyone of them or all of them together might at any moment turn definitely hostile. And though the overtone of anxiety is never more than faint, it does contribute a definite dramatic value.

When I reviewed the last previous production of the American Repertory Theater I complained that too few of its offerings had been conspicuous for either passion on the one hand or gaiety on the other. I do not mean to suggest that they should all be like "Alice in Wonderland," but I do think it is an example of the kind of thing which a public will attend for delight rather than merely out of a sense of duty.

Films

JAMES AGEE

WHEN he made "Alexander Nevsky," Sergei Eisenstein deprived himself of practically everything that had been most wonderful in his original style and developed a new and less exciting one—a kind of speeded-up, fluent, basically operatic style which was like watching a handsome, well-organized funeral cortège carry his free genius to its grave at a cheerful forty miles an hour. Relatively conventional as the film was, it was also highly charged, in nearly every shot, with Eisenstein's unique blend of poetic, intellectual, and purely animal energy. In "Ivan the Terrible," Part I, Eisenstein has deprived himself even of the speed, flow, and shape which helped give "Nevsky" grace, and most of his peculiar energy has become cold, muscle-bound, and somber. Yet "Ivan" is a bolder, more adventurous, more interesting film; for a while I felt even more admiration for it than grief over it.

Eisenstein's theme is more deeply involved in an individual and his development, and is in many ways greater, than any he has undertaken before. It is a study, on a scale as ambitious anyhow as that of Shakespeare in his political plays—and more politically knowledgeable and incomparably hotter to handle—of an able man in whom two obsessions collide and become all but identical: love for an idea (his country's strength) and, however discreetly suggested, love of power for its own sake. It is a study of what such a fanatic becomes, given unprecedented power and opportunity, under the impingement of constant danger, treachery, and intrigue. Ivan, as Eisenstein presents him, is a fair parallel to Stalin; but he is still more suggestively a symbol of the whole history of Russian communism. Eisenstein has, for Ivan, a magnificent looking actor, Cherkassov, who can handle the utmost grandiloquence of manner; he causes him to suggest some of the superhuman complexities of Stavrogin, and it may not be accidental that he makes him up with a chin and cranium which become ever more pointed, like John Barrymore as Mr. Hyde. He seems all but desperately absorbed in communicating political ideas and vindications, especially parallels to Stalin and his regime. Ivan's siege and defeat of Kazan, to choose one of the simpler examples, becomes an interesting text on dealing with a foreign enemy: while the enemy watches the army which threatens their walls, you tunnel beneath their city, roll in kegs of gunpowder, and blow it to kingdom come, meaning *your* kingdom. (It is made clear, moreover, that this stratagem is strictly Ivan's idea, that his lieutenants prefer the old-fashioned cavalry charge, and that his sappers never quite realize what they're up to.)

Eisenstein is very acute with his research, very excitable over architecture and decoration, costume and ritual, and very astute and forceful in his use of them. He is evidently much interested in finding out how little a movie can be made to move and yet move at all, and in giving each movement legendary grandeur—as in the marvelous shots, at once comic and sinister and full of glory, in which the kneeling Ivan's rising hands accept the orb and scepter. He goes boldly and successfully against naturalism and even simple likelihood: in his poisoning scene only opera singers could be so blind to what is happening in plain sight, and in one fine close-up Ivan's wife, his arch-enemy, and his treacherous best friend huddle their heads into the intimacy of one frame as they would never do in a court obsessed with intrigue and suspicion. Depriving himself of a good 99 per cent of all he believes in and is capable of as a cutter, Eisenstein nevertheless demonstrates what exquisiteness and power can be accomplished, even conventionally, by rhythm and series alone. The film is already famous for its lavish use of prodigious close-ups and of exorbitance in gesture and in facial expression, and I would like to make a particularly unprintable gesture toward those who can feel that in his use of these one of the most sophisticated artists of the twentieth century has been naive.

I have only faintly suggested a few of the things about "Ivan," and behind it, which make the film fascinating to watch; but I will have to move along. Interesting as the film is, the longer I reflect on it the unhappier I feel about it. I can't remember a foot of it which doesn't give evidence of a first-rate creative intelligence at work; but there is hardly a foot in which that intelligence is working on anything anywhere near sufficiently worthy of it. The picture is

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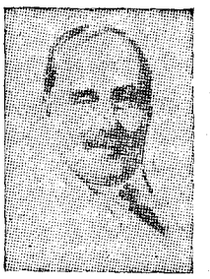

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splendid to look at; yet there is little that is superior to, or much different from, Russian operatic and theatrical mannerisms which must have been overrich and over-digested a generation ago. It is as if Picasso were to spend several years crowding all the sophistication that would fit within the conventions of nineteenth-century chromos. And considering the illusion Eisenstein manages to create of expressing many complex ideas, densely and continuously, it is remarkable how little actually gets expressed, and how commonplace most of it is.

I even have to wonder whether Eisenstein perversely or perforce intended this doubleness. I wonder, for that matter, whether he may not be split between a compulsion to choose the most dangerous theme possible, and virtual paralysis in its development: a paralysis which might be a natural effect of being unable, on pain of death, to say honestly, or even surreptitiously, what you really believe. There is a kind of frozen, katatonic deadness about the particular intensity and rigidity of style developed for this film—as if the intelligence, great as it is, could liberate only a very little of itself in the actual images of the film. The kind of liberation I mean occurs just twice in this picture, in the opening, coronation scene; a deacon's hair-raising intonation of a royal benediction (and his wonderful face as he sings), and the moment at which Eisenstein cuts from the ritualistic pouring of gold coins over the new Czar to the faces of young women, watching the sleeting gold and the monarch's tumescent face through it and blossoming into smiles of sexual delight. In their suddenness, beauty, and wildness, and in their ability to enrich the film with whole new trains of ideas and reactions, these two moments are of a different order from any others in "Ivan." They would have been memorable in any of Eisenstein's early films; but there, ideas as good swarmed and coruscated upon his new-found, new-crowned poetry as abundantly as the anointing storm of gold itself.

For years, as everyone knows, Eisenstein has been working as if in a prison, under the supervision of jailers who are not only peculiarly dangerous and merciless but also as sudden to change their minds as minnows their direction. It goes without saying that this has interfered monstrously with his work. Just how, and just how much it has shaped his work and his mind, I see no use whatever in trying to guess, for I fear

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it is impossible to guess how much he agrees with his jailers, even in their treatment of him, and how much, quite aside from that, his own nature may have been predisposed to this sort of hardening and change. No mind and spirit stand still, least of all the mind and spirit of a great artist. Even discounting outside pressures, there is no guaranty that the development will be for the better, and heaven knows they cannot be discounted in Eisenstein's case. Everything that is meant by creative genius and its performance, and everything that that signifies about freedom and potentiality in general, is crucified in Eisenstein, more meaningfully, and abominably, than in any other man I can think of. I hardly know which seems the more tragic: the possibility that he is still essentially a free man, his own master, doing the best he can under annihilating difficulties; or the possibility that he accepts the crucifixion and has even helped drive such nails as, in that predicament, he could manage.

Music

B. H. HAGGIN

VIRGIL THOMSON will have it that "Pierre Monteux, who conducted his own orchestra, the San Francisco Symphony, last night in Carnegie Hall, is one of the greatest among living conductors," but that the orchestra's "imperfections were somewhat exaggerated . . . by the unfamiliarity of the players with Carnegie Hall's rather special acoustics," with the result that "all the animated passages sounded last night . in spite of Mr. Monteux's admirable tempos and careful phrasing, a little rowdy." But the orchestra wasn't playing by itself and obliged to adjust itself to Carnegie Hall without guidance; it was playing under a man who had conducted orchestras in that hall for thirty years; and a great conductor would have been one who—if there had been no time for a hall rehearsal—would have been able to exercise the control over the orchestra necessary to adjust it to the hall at the concert. Moreover, in addition to the raucous sound of the performance of Respighi's atrocious *interpretazione orchestrale* of the the Bach Passacaglia there were unprecise phrasing and the same lack of sense for correct tempos individually and in relation to each other that I found in his recent recorded performance of Brahms's Second and in his performance of Mozart's "Haffner" with the Philadelphia Orchestra a couple of seasons ago.

What brought me to the concert was Messiaen's "Ascension," which he describes as four "symphonic meditations." Messiaen's music in general, according to Thomson, is "a convincing synthesis of musical modernism with devotional piety . . . new, powerful, and good," and this particular work, "though not by any means its author's masterpiece, is pleasant music, easy to listen to and . . . easy to understand." Thomson may be right about other works of Messiaen that I haven't heard; but in this one I found no relation between the musical substance and the religious meanings of titles and subtitles, except the literal use of trumpet and cymbals where these instruments were mentioned in the quoted texts, and the wholly conventional use of high strings for the "celestial" effects of the concluding "Prayer of Christ Ascending to His Father"; and the musical substance I found mostly unpleasant, feeble, and boring.

Monteux conducted Stravinsky's "Sacre du printemps" at its world premiere in Paris in 1913; but Stravinsky himself recorded the work for Columbia a few years ago; and if one listens to Monteux's performance with the San Francisco Symphony in the new Victor set (1052; $4.85) one finds it competent and effective; but if one compares it with the other one discovers that it lacks the sharp clarity and force of Stravinsky's performance. Nor is this merely because of the cloudy recorded sound of the Monteux performance, the sharp and clear recorded sound of the Stravinsky. Unfortunately the sound that is sharp and clear is also unpleasantly false in the way orchestral sound is in the American Columbia recordings of six or seven years back, whereas what is cloudy in the Victor recording is the agreeably natural sound of an orchestra; and so choice is difficult (I prefer the more effective performance in spite of its false sound). The surfaces of the Victor set are noisy.

In the performance of Beethoven's Sonata Opus 13 ("Pathétique") that Artur Rubinstein has recorded for Victor (Set 1102; $2.85) he weakens the slow introduction with the punch-pulling decrescendos that I described last week in Horowitz's playing; but except for occasional traces of this mannered, sentimentalizing style the performance of the rest of the sonata is good. It is also well-recorded; but surfaces are not quiet. Rubinstein's style is right for Liszt's charming "Valse oubliée," but not for Schumann's "Vogel als Prophet" on the reverse side of the single disc (10-1272; $.75), the surfaces of which are extremely noisy.

Columbia has issued Mozart's Quartet in E flat (K. 493) for piano and strings, played by George Szell and members of the Budapest Quartet (Set 669; $4). Compared with some others—the string quintets, for example—it is a work of lesser stature, but quite lovely; and the performance is very good. But after all these years Columbia still cannot produce something better than the dull recorded sound of the performance on a limited-range machine, its unpleasantly coarse and harsh recorded sound and the noisy surfaces on a wide-range machine.

The Columbia volume "A Night at Carnegie Hall" (Set 676; $4) offers some of the music from the film "Carnegie Hall." The best things in it are Pinza's performances of the Serenade from "Don Giovanni" and the aria *Il lacerato spirito* from "Simon Boccanegra" with orchestral accompaniments; the worst is his breathless and shapeless performance of *Finch' han del vino* from "Don Giovanni" with a miserably inadequate piano accompaniment. Rise Stevens contributes a tremolo-ridden performance of the Seguidilla from "Carmen" and a better one of *Mon coeur s'ouvre à ta voix* from "Samson et Dalila." And Lily Pons does a crystal-clear performance of the Bell Song from "Lakmé."

CONTRIBUTORS

W. H. AUDEN, English poet and critic, is the author of several books of poetry. His collected verse was published in 1945.

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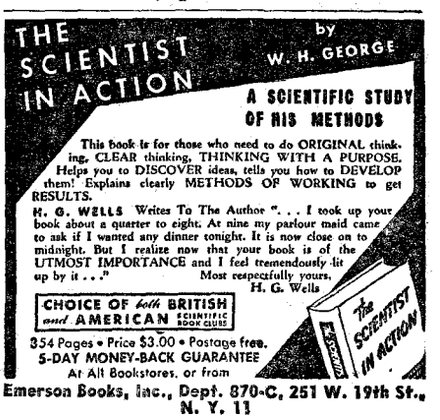
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Letters to the Editors

You Can't Film That!

Dear Sirs: I have intended for some weeks to write you of my interest in your article, Catholics and Hollywood, in the February 15 *Nation*.

There is one aspect of the censorship you describe which you don't mention. Not only are books changed in order to meet Catholic censorship, but a number of books are never put into films because of a "hidden censorship." A recent book of mine, "The Peacock Sheds His Tail," dealing with the Mexicans' struggle for democracy, mentioned in the latter chapters the connection of the Sinarquistas with fascist Spain. The book was bought by one of Hollywood's leading producers, but just before the contract was signed, Catholic pressure was evidently brought to bear. The matter was finally settled out of court with a small payment to me.

ALICE TISDALE HOBART

Oakland, Cal., April 14

Advice on Tactics

Dear Sirs: What I say in criticism of your point of view is only tactical, not strategic.

Liberals must get busy in their own community, and their national organizations must help them to do this by seeing that they get plenty of ammunition for handling local issues in a timely manner. My conservative friends out here know that what the people of this community are concerned about is their schools, their homes—in short, what affects them directly. I do not mean to argue that Franco is not connected directly with the local school situation. I know he is and so do you, but even the well-meaning liberals out here who are worked up into a lather about such issues by *The Nation* and *New Republic*—and now, God save the mark, by Sir Samuel Hoare—do not know how Franco is connected with the fact that our teachers were getting only $1,780 per annum in a community that is really very well off and boasts about it. And this much I do know—from the hard experience of fighting it out in co-op organization, battling for higher wages for teachers, etc.: most liberals do not know how to think about action; we know how to feel, and even to generalize, but we always lose out because on specific issues we have not had enough information and we have too little experience with the people we must influence to know how this must be done.

Liberals then must get some sort of information *when* they need it for action. That is, when an issue is hot locally, the man who knows the answers gets things done, even if the answers and what he does are very bad. So, while discussion groups are very good things they should be used also as reporting centers to some higher headquarters so that these quarters will know what is really of importance to people on a local level and, more important, *how it is of importance.*

Liberals must learn that facts are only of value if they are related to action. When I talk to a group of local citizens and tell them just *what* salaries their teachers are being paid, and how this compares with other communities of the same kind, I have really accomplished something. Of course this is hard to find out—even when I have the resources of the University of Chicago for the asking I find it hard to get answers to these vulgar, specific questions.

We need organization, not of ideas, but on the low levels of ward politics. We should return to the American tradition in such matters. I know this is old stuff, but when even you write about the "progressive masses," I wonder if we shouldn't do what they do in city rooms, namely, post a list of dont's. Certainly one of these is that there are no masses to an American, just as there is no lower class.

HUGH DUNCAN

Homewood, Ill., April 15

Race Fight Strategy

Dear Sirs: My high regard for the opinion of readers of *The Nation,* and for Carey McWilliams, impels me to comment on his largely enthusiastic review of my "Southern Exposure." This is no mere literary matter but one having to do with my principles.

To begin with, I would prefer being called a democratic American rather than a Southern liberal. But I really take issue with Mr. McWilliams when he says, "It is only in the next to final chapter that Kennedy's liberalism begins to falter." If Mr. McWilliams can convince me that there is a more radical strategy for achieving total racial equality than that which I have advanced, I for one will hasten to embrace it.

What he asks me to do is go beyond Supreme Court decisions which uphold the constitutionality of segregation statutes per se. I quite agree with him that those decisions are "based upon a deliberately perverse construction of the history, meaning, and purpose of the Fourteenth Amendment." But until the court changes its position, as it has in regard to the white primary, we can only be realistic.

If Mr. McWilliams will reread the chapter, I am sure he will discover that I am very much in favor of a frontal attack on segregation in the South now. All I suggest is that the attack be made *apart from* the economic and political demands, and that Southern whites and Negroes and non-Southerners assume specialized functions in the entire process.

STETSON KENNEDY

Atlanta, April 4

A Ryder Biographer

Dear Sirs: I am at present working on a full-length biography of the great American painter, Albert Pinkham Ryder. This will be no academic study of his works but an attempt to portray the creative processes of an artist's mind as well as his life. Therefore I would deeply appreciate any letters, documents, or personal anecdotes which some of your readers may have. All material loaned to me will be promptly copied and returned. My address is 1914 Murray Avenue.

LLOYD MALLAN

Pittsburgh, April 9

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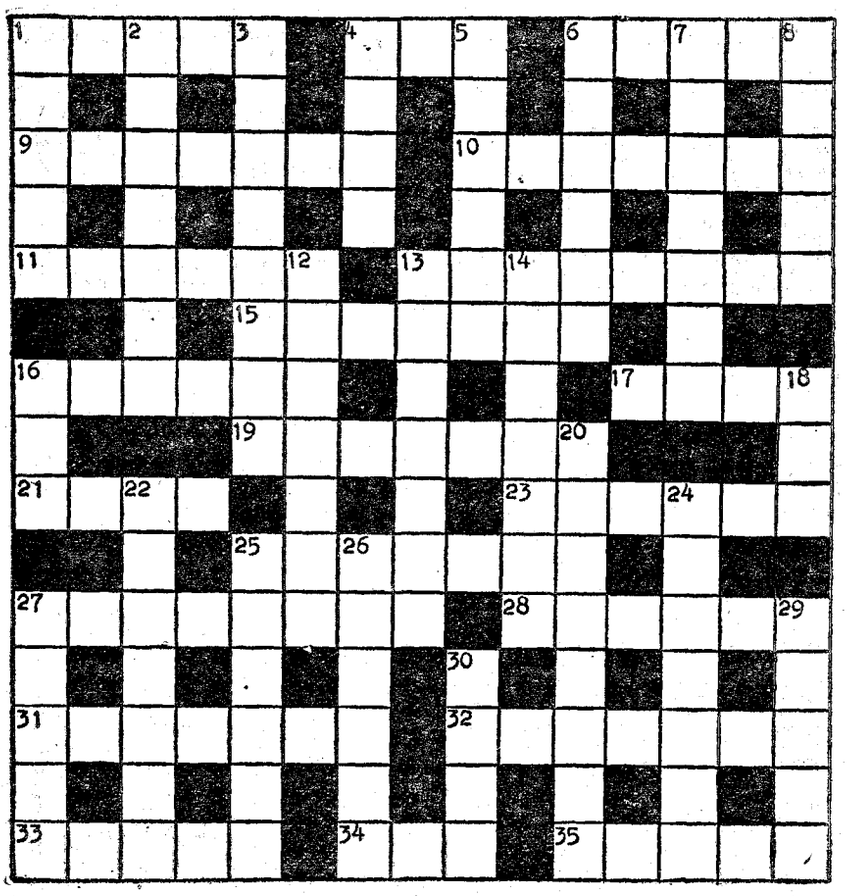
Crossword Puzzle No. 209

By JACK BARRETT



ACROSS

1 We go back to bed
4 Petrified bird
6 An amusing fellow
9 Butler who was a duke—very Irish
10 Prolific fruit: a single tree may produce 20,000
11 Snuggle up
13 Seem dire (anag.) but do good
15 Between the entirely rubicund you are attracted
16 Go for a soldier, perhaps
17 Gray
19 Is as cheap as standing, said Swift (but not at spectator sports)
21 Perhaps an old-fashioned conception of the speed of light
23 Exclamation, perhaps, of a classical scholar on suddenly solving this clue
25 Make the first attack
27 Door curtain
28 Foreign fly
31 "Don't put - - - - - - - a point to your wit for fear it should get blunted" (3 & 4)
32 They are interested in lads and lasses, not moths
33 Worthless wench
34 Screw steamer with nothing amidships
35 Line from which heights and depths are measured

DOWN

1 Dark-complexioned
2 Some lad? (anag.). No, a girl
3 The sailor has a breeze with his young woman
4 Fume
5 Plant containing much of interest to Cupid
6 Longed for
7 Chattering birds
8 "Why may not that be the skull of a lawyer? Where be his quiddities now, his quillets, his - - - - -, his tenures, and his tricks?"
12 American actor and New York theatre
13 A breach of the peace
14 Makes Nat seem humblest
16 Endear endlessly
18 Mister, let go of my ear!
20 Gets used (anag.)
22 So sure I am not funny
24 Pray for
25 Gaily
26 At least two vegetables?
27 It takes the place of the rent
29 Place famed for derbies and salts
30 We couldn't keep these birds out!

□—□—□—□

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE No. 208

ACROSS:—1 FORESTER; 5 AFFAIR; 10 LASSO; 11 HOUSEMAID; 12 ANDAMAN; 13 BOHEMIA; 14 ENTREE; 15 RUTHENE; 18 THEATRE; 21 SIT PAT; 24 CORDITE; 26 OVERLAY; 27 PLAYTHING; 28 TITAN; 29 TAMPER; 30 SNIPPERS.

DOWN:—1 FALLAL; 2 RESIDENCE; 3 STORMER; 4 ENHANCE; 6 FRESHET; 7 ALARM; 8 RED-FACED; 9 RUBBER; 16 EPAULETTE; 17 STOCKPOT; 19 THISTLE; 20 EYELID; 21 SLOE GIN; 22 TREE-TOP; 23 HYENAS; 25 REALM.

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